

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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Sunday, August 21, 1932



Pets by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

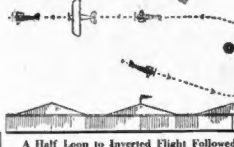
No. 1—Pretty Polly

My parrot uses awful words!
But then, fine feathers make fine birds,
And so I love the scamp;
I smile at him, he winks his eye—
Till somebody—who's standing by—
Declares I am a vamp!

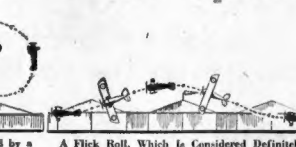
Safety in Aeroplane Stunts



Going Into a Spin, One of the Most Dangerous of Aviation Feats.



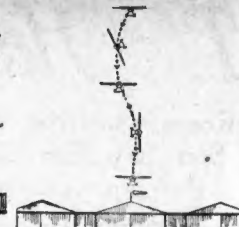
A Half Loop to Inverted Flight Followed by a Half Roll Back to Normal Position.



A Flick Roll, Which Is Considered Definitely Bad for the Plane.



A Climbing Loop Devised for Gaining Altitude Quickly, but Calling for Much Power.



The Falling Leaf, a Spectacular Stunt That Requires Nerve and Skill.

INSTRUCTION in aviation is being carried on at present on a wider scope than ever before, and although the flying courses are more or less uniform in their essentials, experts continue to disagree whether a student should be taught stunts and other dangerous phases of aviation as necessary parts of their curriculum.

It is generally believed that acrobatics in the air, if taught in a sane manner, help to a great degree to inspire confidence and self-dependence in a student of aviation, and in most flying schools the pupils are apprised of a set of rules to insure a maximum of safety.

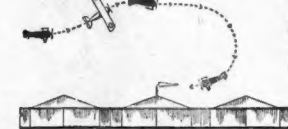
One of the first rules is that a parachute must always be worn. Next to that is the warning that no sort of acrobatic flying should ever be attempted at a height lower than 3,000 feet. In fact, all practice work should be at or above that level, to insure plenty of room for taking care of emergencies. Many students neglect to wear goggles, which teachers say are very important, especially when upside-down flying is on the list of lessons. In an inverted plane, a flier may be partly blinded by dirt and dust dropping from the bottom of the cockpit.

In most of those schools where stunts are included in the flying courses, the order of instruction is not considered important, but usually the first stunts undertaken are spins, spins and loops. Loops are usually accompanied by the feat known as the falling leaf, in which a plane is



An Ordinary Inside Loop, After Which the Ship Levels Out With Only a Slight Altitude Gain.

started into one spin and brought into a reverse spin while descending. Next after that comes the flick roll, which tests the pupil's stability, for it rolls the ship into a complete twist, as shown in the third diagram. Next on the list of lessons comes inverted flying, and this to the novice has many unusual phases. For instance, the beginner might never think of the shifting of gravity which, when the ship is upside down, thrusts the pilot's weight on his shoulder harness, instead of on the seat. There is no other sensation in flying, perhaps, so likely to cause a pilot to lose his head. Usually the pupil is taught to make 1,000-foot inverted glides until he gets his bearings and confidence. After that, the ship may be flown for indefinite distances wrong side up. When a pupil has managed this, his next stunt is to roll off the top of loops.



A Half Roll From Level Flight, in Which Speed Is Gained by a Drop of the Ship's Nose.

This means that the plane is interrupted in a loop, at its very crest, and thrown into a roll. Very frequently spins are unintentional and a pupil must be taught how to come out of them. For this purpose, he is taught the functions and effects of ailerons; those sections of the wings which move one way or another to facilitate the thrust of air resistance and to prevent the ship's becoming unmanageable in spin. To go into a spin deliberately, the flier is taught to stall the plane in one position or another, and then apply the rudder, while holding the stick back. The rudder then turns the machine, causing the outer wing to travel faster than the inner one. It therefore receives a greater lift and the inner wing is stilled. That is what is meant by stalling. This causes the first flick over of the spin. The spin will continue, the

pilots point out, until the rudder and elevator are righted. Next to double spins or falling leaf stunts, the loops are most spectacular. An inside loop is described when a plane turns nose upwards, and throws a back somersault. An outside loop is one in which the ship dives downward and turns over in a forward direction. This latter is one of the most perilous of all stunts and comparatively few students are ever allowed to attempt it. The technique of the loop, however, is simple enough. The danger lies, it appears, in changing the direction of the plane too suddenly. When this happens, the loading goes up and the craft loses speed. Veterans invariably roll out of a loop at the top if they discover that they have attempted too tight an arc.

Inverted glides are in common usage at the schools to enable the pupil flier to get used to bearing their own weight on their shoulder straps. They are, when stunting, impressed with the dangers of holding on tightly to the stick, or "freezing" as it is called; and against clutching on to the throttle is it if they are the only thing between them and death. If they must hold on while spinning or flying upside down, they are advised to hold on to the seat. They are told, too, that when gliding bottom side up, the stick must be well forward, in order to keep the nose up. When flying upside down, the nose must, in a way of speaking, be down to be up, since the controls are reversed in relation to the earth.

Punished by Fading Image of the Saviour?



Mlle. Trude Haybey, Viennese Actress, Who Two Years Ago Was Founding a Typewriter in a Newspaper Office. She Has Been Chosen by Max Reinhardt as Star in One of His Dramatic Spectacles.

NAPLES, Italy. A FEW weeks ago the narrow, winding streets of Casale, a village near Naples, were filled with a chattering, gesticulating procession of men, women and children making their way to the local church. At the head of this strange parade were two women, one of them wearing "widow's weeds." This woman's husband had died some weeks before, and among his accounts she had found the record of a debt. The other woman, whose name was Maria Morelli, had denied that she owed the debt. She had, she said, paid the obligation in full a few days before the widow's husband had died. A heated argument had ensued between the widow and Signorina Morelli when the widow had called at the Morelli cottage to collect the money due her late husband. In the thick of the wordy battle the widow asked Maria Morelli if she dared to kneel at

the foot of the figure of the Saviour in the church and pay the debt. "But, of course," said the woman. "We will go to the church now and settle this silly business once and for all." Everyone in Casale knew of the bitter controversy between the two women, and when Maria and the widow headed for the church half of the village fell in behind them. The reason for the trip to the church soon became known. By the time the women had arrived at the portals of the place

of worship an excited crowd of some 200 had collected.

The sympathies of the mob seemed, to observers, to be about equally divided. Some believed that the widow, whose husband had left her little property, was being cheated. Others sided with Signorina Morelli, who was known to be a devout Christian. If she were dishonest, they reasoned, she would not dare to flaunt her dishonesty before the church's ancient image of the Saviour.

Silence fell over the mob as it filed into the dim interior of the House of God. The principal of the dramatic episode walked down the broad central aisle and halted before the marble step of the high altar. They fell to their knees and the congregation followed their example—but no one bowed his head; he kept his eyes fixed on the two figures. The place seemed to pulse with the tension of the situation.

After a time the widow turned her face to Signorina Morelli and whispered: "Now, swear!"

The accused woman moved to the side of the altar, directly beneath the towering carved wooden figure of Christ. She clasped her hands and turned her eyes to the face with its realistic curve of thorns. Her lips began to move and tears coursed down her pale cheeks.

An instant after the supplicant uttered the words, "I swear," her sol-

emn declaration was interrupted with the sound of ringing wood. The crowd in the church stirred nervously and every eye was turned to the upraised arm of the wooden Saviour.

Slowly the right arm of the figure broke away from the rest of the statue. It fell to the flagstone floor with a crash and narrowly missed the kneeling woman. In some way, the crown of thorns became loosened from the head of the image, and it, too, fell to the floor. Some of the sharp barbs caught in the folds of Maria Morelli's dress.

There was a long moment of "right-ened silence in which the widow faintly stretched out beside the fallen arm. The other women remained as rigid as stone, not even attempting to remove the sacred symbol from her dress. And then bedlam broke loose. The mob began crawling out of the stalls and moving menacingly toward the altar. Cries of "Iar" and "perjurer!" filled the place of worship. Children cried and women screamed the excitement of witnessing what to them was a miracle.

Just before the first of the wildly agitated congregation reached the altar, Maria Morelli stumbled to her feet and ran up a side aisle and out of the church before anyone could lay hands on her. The crowd followed at her flying heels like a pack of dogs after a fox. Their shouts of "Iar" and "perjurer!" filled the streets and brought people running from their houses and shops.

It did not matter to them that Maria Morelli continued to scream hysterically. "It was not a miracle. It was an accident. I swear I told the truth!" The devout people of Casale were sure they had seen a living woman punished by a miracle and they milled about her cottage until the police drove them away. "Now, swear!" her sol-



A Rice Granary on Luzon Island, Made of Woven Bamboo, and Which Probably Is the Largest Food Basket in the World.

From Typewriter to Stardom

VIENNA. ONE of the bright and rising young stars of the European stage is an Austrian girl by the name of Trude Haybey. Her accent and her prospects for the future could not be greater if she were buttressed by a long line of famous actors and actresses—yet a short two years ago Mlle. Haybey was an obscure, if good-looking stenographer, taking dictation and tapping out letters in the business office of a Vienna newspaper. Within the next few weeks she will blossom forth as the star of an ambitious production staged by Max Reinhardt, the most celebrated of European dramatic impresarios.

The rise of this comely typist is a real-life re-enactment of the Cinderella story done in a modern setting. The newspaper for which Trude worked promoted one of the many beauty contests that have been held in Vienna in the past two years. It was her job to handle some of the photographs of the fair contestants and to talk with the artists and sculptors who were picked to judge the contest.

One day one of the judges—a painter whose work is known all over the world—came to the office where Mlle. Haybey worked to study some of the photographs that had come in. He lost interest in the pictures and fell to studying the living charms of the modest stenographer. He turned her head this way and that, stood off and regarded the tilt of her nose and the

curve of her cheek. He told her that she was more beautiful than any of the girls whose pictures it was her job to gather and catalogue, and he asked her permission to enter a contest and her photograph in the competition.

To make a long story short, the painter finally convinced the typist that his compliments were sincere and she permitted him to place her name among the several hundred entrants, some of them winners of previous pageants of pulchritude and others of them well-known beauties of the city's cabarets and music halls.

Two weeks later, when the finals of the contest were held in the ballroom of one of the city's largest hotels, Mlle. Haybey was delighted, not to say a little amazed, to find herself still in the running with two other young women, each of whom had victories in other beauty contests to her credit. She went for joy when the judges came out of a huddle and placed the crown of the beauty queen on her sleek blond head.

The spokesman of the committee announced, as a surprise, that the celebrated Marichka Theatre had agreed to give the winner a try-out on its stage and a prominent part in its next production if the young woman revealed dramatic talent.

The steno-come-beauty-queen did show that she had a natural, if undeveloped, talent for acting, and she was a full-fledged member of the theatre's cast when Max Reinhardt saw her and decided to make a star of her.

The World's Biggest Basket

MANY African tribes use huge hand-woven containers, fashioned of branches and reeds, to hold their community supplies of grain. But these primitive granaries are small in comparison with the "rice baskets" in which the Filipinos of Luzon store their chief article of diet.

One of these baskets—which probably is the biggest basket in the world—is shown in the photograph above. An idea of its size can be had by contrasting it with the buffalo and the native in the foreground.

The Filipino men and women who make these rice bins are trained from childhood to do the job. First a sturdy frame of bamboo is put together. This frame is jointed, braced and fastened so that it will not sag or buckle when the basket is filled with its heavy load of rice grains. Then the sides are woven of smaller sticks of bamboo and certain very long and tough native grasses.

The manner of weaving is difficult because the mesh of the basket has to

be small enough to keep the rice from sifting through and to protect the foodstuff from the torrential tropical rains that fall on the island during the wet season. The bamboo and the grass have to be put together in a "fastened" with a peculiar kind of knot that doesn't slip.

It takes a steady labor to make a rice bin, and while they are working on the basket, other members of the tribe are busy picking the grass for the roof and attaching this grass to the bamboo frame that makes the roof. The most waterproof covering for the basket is made of the same kind of jungle grass that the Filipinos of Luzon use on their huts. It is a remarkably tough kind of grass which sheds water like the feathers of a duck's back.

This biggest of baskets is even better made than it looks, for not long ago, when a hurricane swept over part of Luzon, it was blown from its posts and dumped heavily on the ground. The bamboo frame held firm and only a few of the smaller sticks of bamboo had to be replaced.



Maria Morelli, Upon Whom the Arm of the Image of the Crucified Saviour Was Placed. Together With the Crown of Thorns Fell, as She Swore to the Payment of a Debt in the Church at Casale, Near Naples.

The "Happy Ending" Every Girl Yearns For

Romance of the Motion Picture Cashier Who Secretly Married the Rich Banker's Son, Saw Her Bridegroom Snatched Away From Her by His Disapproving Parents, and Then When Love Seemed Irrevocably Lost—Well, After That Everything Happened

Just as it
Does in the
Films She
Sold
Tickets For



Entrance to the Rockford, Illinois, Motion Picture Theatre, Where Lucille Gave Out the Tickets and Young Mr. Forbes First Met and Fell in Love With Her.

All the family they said NO:
Tried to stay away from her—
SO I DID!
Had to go back to her—
"I did SO!"
I just couldn't let that
Gala-mine—GO!
—From "Moaning Blues."

THE levellest romantic things happen to nice little girls in the movies. Miss Lucille Gray of Rockford, Ill., was a nice little girl, but unfortunately she was not in the movies but just outside—in fact, selling tickets in front of a small movie theatre of her own home town.

Like every normal, pretty American girl she had ambitions to be a screen star. Her father being a truck driver, however, he could not finance a Hollywood career, so the nearest she could get was rattling changes for the customers—and that was that.

Like every other girl she had a pretty clear notion of what is a good plot for a picture, which her job strengthened and confirmed. Some pictures made money while others lost money for the theatre, and after a while she came to the conclusion that there was only one really good one. It was where the poor but honest young girl marries the rich but honest young man, or the poor but honest young man marries the rich but honest heiress. Stories with unhappy ending might be artistic, but few customers cared to pay 20 to 40 cents to see them.

It seemed even more certain that she would never experience one of those romantic plots in her own real life. True, occasionally people of wealth and social prominence passed through that street, but always as fast as possible. For instance, the manager, with due awe and respect, had once pointed out to her the splendid car of Mr. Walter Forbes, reputed to be the richest man in town, worth more than \$500,000 even in these days of depression. He was president of the Rockford National Bank, of the National Malicious Iron Co. and director in so many other corporations that he probably could hardly remember them all offhand.

Mr. Forbes, Mrs. Forbes and their handsome young son Alexander occasionally roled past, but none ever gave the little theatre a look. Why should they, who had seen its features long ago in Chicago? The only conceivable way to attract their interest would be to dash out and get herself run over.

However, no power can keep a young girl from day-dreaming and ones in a while she invented little mental scenarios of how she would act if she met this most eligible of young lack of her town and when she had heard, was himself the president of a \$300,000 motor sales corporation.

Lucille always imagined herself catching his eye on the tennis court, on a yacht or the golf links, but invariably clothed in a lovely imported sport suit or in a snooty roadster painted to match the color of her blonde hair. With a nice start like that any girl could go on with the story.

thing was all wrong. She was in her most unbecoming dress, at the window of a cheap theatre, her hair was all wrong, her nose hadn't been powdered for a few minutes and a bit of dust had just blown into one eye. No hero ever got love at first sight from such a close-up as that. Lucille almost lost her voice, but he stayed and talked, asking all about the picture, as if a millionaire's son would take so much trouble before investing his 40 cents. Could it be possible that he was interested, or was he "kidding" her, and why?

Before she could decide that question an impatient customer made an unkind remark, which caused Alexander to buy his ticket and vanish, but only to go to the rear of the line and presently turn up at the window again with more unbecoming conversation, ending in his walking home with her—an agony because she knew that the heels of her slippers were not all what they should be.

This happened day after day, until Lucille realized that the banker's son was interested—but how? Was he honest in his attentions or just one of those handsome, smiling villains such as try to lead screen heroines astray? Such indeed was the head of the Gray family's theory, but Alexander disproved it in the most convincing and heroic manner. He took her right out and married her.

Still, there were mutterings that he was "too good to be true" and Lucille knew that on the screen poor but honest working girls don't marry millionaire's sons without a few heartaches just to make the story interesting. It was too easy, something must be wrong, and she soon saw where the trouble was to come from. The marriage was bona fide and legal as any between members of the house of Europe, but it was secret.

Her Alexander, "Ack," as she lovingly called him, was afraid of what his parents would say. The bridegroom was for putting off the evil day indefinitely, but it is hard for a girl to keep a secret and when that secret is that he has caught the town's matrimonial prize it is almost impossible. After a few months she could not stand it any longer, so Ack was told firmly to go and have it over with. As with anything else she demanded, he did it. Then Lucille learned the disadvantage of a perfectly obliging husband. A man who never refuses his wife anything is likely to be equally obliging to other women, especially his mother.

Young Mr. Forbes failed to return from his confession. Instead came



Entrance to the Attractive Forbes House in Rockford.



Lucille Gray Forbes, the Little Movie Cashier After She Married the Son of Rockford's (Illinois) Richest Man.

Judge Joseph Sabath, Who Patched Up the Misunderstanding Between the Movie Chunderella and Her Prince Charming.



news that his parents had refused to recognize the marriage to a girl not at far as the Forbes' millions were concerned, sort of financially moribund. With angry tears the bride heard that her hero had been ordered to get divorced at once and was obliquely obeying.

Off to Outback, Montana, where the elder Forbes had oil interests, went young Mr. Forbes, without any wife. This was bad enough, but when she learned that her husband was bringing divorce proceedings on the grounds of desertion, the bride of a year became good and angry. She fought the case, proving that it was Alexander's desertion, not hers, that was keeping them apart, proving it so successfully that the case was thrown out of court. The husband's behavior after that decision was most painful to his lawyers. He followed the "enemy" and her mother out of court, telling Lucille how much he loved her, that the proceedings were against his wishes and only to prevent his inheritance. For 25 miles he rode on

attorneys. As soon as Lucille could convince a Chicago court that she had been a resident of that city for a year, she began a counter attack in the form of a separate maintenance suit with alimony, as well as a \$500,000 allegation of affections action against Mr. and Mrs. Walter Forbes. The case dragged along, as big cases usually do, until one day when the scorned bride was testifying and for some reason neither the banker nor his wife were present, and there was an astonishing interruption.

Suddenly the doors flew open and in burst the young man who up to that time had been unable to make up his mind whether to play hero or villain in the piece. He wrecked the court's decorum with a shout: "I won't stand for it! I love you and I want you."

Then he turned to the judge: "Your Honor, I love my wife and I won't permit anyone to stand in the way of getting her back—if she will have me."

"I won't stand for it! I love you and I want you!" With these words, Young Mr. Forbes Burst Through the Courtroom Door, Escaping the Clutching Hand of the Attendant, and Thrust His Arms Out Toward His Incredible Young Wife, While His Family's Astonished Attorney Stared and Drooped His Head in Astonishment at This Unexpected Interruption.

"Your Honor," He Cried to Judge Sabath, "I love my wife! I won't let anybody stand in the way of getting her back!"

silence. Then a court bailiff made for him, crying: "Take off your hat and be silent." Alexander obliged about the hat matter, but he kept right on talking over the protests of both lawyers. This was contempt of court, and Judge Joseph Sabath could have thrown him into jail for such an affront. Instead, His Honor looked pleased and, like everyone else in the courtroom, turned his eyes on the wife.

"What do you say?" the judge asked hopefully.

But a woman scorned is not so easily re-wound. She tossed her head and indicated that she wished to go on with the proceedings. Whereupon Judge Sabath, reputed to be the world's best conciliator and divorce Solomon, arose from the bench and with a broad smile invited the husband and wife to visit him in his private chambers.

The pretty blonde young woman hesitated. Her husband gently touched her arm and urged her forward. Her first reaction was to glare at him; her second was to jerk her arm free; her third was to stride past him, her nose tilted high.

They passed into the judge's chambers, familiarly known to Chicagoans as the "reconciliation chambers" for the reason that over 4,000 couples have kissed and made up there. It is reported, in the eleven years Judge Sabath has been on the divorce bench. The court bailiff closed the door behind them and winked maliciously at the lawyers left deserted at the bar.

After a half hour's restless waiting, lawyers and spectators looked up at the sound of a door opening and beheld the beautiful Mrs. Forbes hanging on the arm of her husband, who was beaming down on her with all the devotedness of a young bride.

Lucille, Smiling Happily After the Reconciliation in Judge Sabath's Chambers.

Alexander Forbes, the Wealthy Young Bridegroom, Who Just Couldn't Give Up His Movie Cashier, Lucille.



Weird Paintings of the Saviour Stir European Art Critics

EVERY artist who attempts to paint in a distinctly individual manner knows that he will be the center of a war between the critics and art lovers who hail him as a genius and those who label his efforts as esthetic atrocities and offenses against the classical school.

At the moment Paul Molnar, the eminent Hungarian painter, finds himself the focal point of a spirited controversy in which critics all over Europe are taking emphatic sides. The reason for the furor is found in Molnar's recently completed series of Biblical canvases, three of which are reproduced on this page.

The artist himself is not, he says, greatly concerned over what the critics, professional and amateur, think of his manner of depicting scenes in the life of Christ. He painted the pictures as they flashed in his imagination and he worked with sincerity.

Some of the critics have attacked the Molnar pictures with almost vicious vigor. In their opinion the canvases are "caricatures". They "insult" the Saviour. They are "offenses against religion and against good taste."

Opposed to these outspoken authorities on art is an even larger force of critics who believe that the Hungarian artist has "envisioned and executed a series of paintings that will make him famous through the ages, if not in his own lifetime."

In the minds of these champions of



"The Birth of Christ," the first in a series of paintings by Paul Molnar, the Hungarian artist. A Shepherd Is Seen Directing the Three Kings of the East to the Manger.



"Flight Into Egypt," another of the Molnar paintings, which seems to some critics oversupplied with mountains that look like icebergs.



"Golgotha," the Molnar conception of the Crucifixion, showing the three Marys at the foot of the cross.

Mr. Molnar his work is striking for its "powerful simplicity". These men find nothing of modernism in the work, but regard it as essentially classic. They see in this living master of the brush some of the same spirit and the same technique that immortalized some of the painters of the Middle Ages.

It does not matter to these protagonists of Artist Molnar that some of the critics on the other side of the argument think that "both the landscape and the figures in the pictures are shockingly unnatural and theatrical". It is enough for them that the rocks look something like rocks and that no one, not even a child, could fail to understand any detail of the pictures.

What the antagonistic critics choose to call unnatural and theatrical, the friendly forces in the artistic war praise as "inspired simplification." They find a rare beauty in the sharply etched mountains and ledges and in the rolling hillsides on which the trees cast long shadows.

In the canvas entitled "The Birth of Christ" they have no fault to find with the tiny manger which looks, to others, like "an overnight camp", nor with, however other buildings which have been described as "sentry boxes". The situation is there and that is all that should be demanded of the artist—if he has sincerity and skill—they hold.

When explaining, not to defend himself against his detractors, but his attitude was devout when he painted the pictures and that, to him, the figures of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary and the other Biblical characters he used are "honestly idealized."

Countess Is Beauty Queen

BUCHAREST.

It is seldom that members of the fashionable and titled set of Rumania go in for beauty contests, unless they happen to attend a pageant of pulchritude as amused spectators. But once in a long while the setting is exclusive enough for them to vie for beauty honors among themselves.

A few weeks ago, during a gathering of the country's most eminent painters and sculptors, which was attended by a goodly smattering of the country's first families, the artists suggested that they select the comeliest of the women present and crown her "Miss Society 1922."

As in the beauty contests in which the entrants are from what might be called the lower classes, the array of beauty included blondes, brunettes and a titan or two. The contestants did not, of course, parade in abbreviated bathing suits. They sat languidly about while the artists and sculptors moved through the assemblage.

These famous gentlemen gazed respectfully, if appraisingly, on the faces and figures of the smartly dressed women and finally went off to confer among themselves. Apparently they had some difficulty in making up their collective mind because they took more than an hour to announce their verdict.

The winner—and an exceptionally beautiful creature, they agreed—was the Countess de Zoghen, who accepted the honor gracefully, but preferred not to be invested with the title: "Miss Society 1922."



Countess De Zoghen, who Has Been Named as the Most Beautiful Aristocrat in Rumania.

Dog's Funeral Cost \$1000.00

FRANK CALLAHAN, wealthy owner of race horses and citizen of Tiffin, Ohio, is one of those men who believe that the dog is man's best friend and, therefore, deserves, in life or death, to be treated with affection and respect.

When Baby Ginter, his 11-year-old pet Pomeranian, died Mr. Callahan went about the funeral arrangements in the manner that he would have proceeded had one of his family passed on.

First he had workmen dig a grave in one of the most beautiful spots in the spreading gardens of his estate. In the grave a concrete vault was built. The body of Baby Ginter was laid in a 1400 casket made of bronze. The casket was lowered to the vault and covered with earth.

Scores of bouquets and set pieces were carried in the funeral procession and all these floral offerings to the spirit of the departed canine were heaped about the burial plot. The total cost of the funeral was more than \$1,000, and monument makers already are at work designing and lettering a granite gravestone which will mark the spot where Mr. Callahan's dog will sleep the long sleep.



Using Color to Preserve Foodstuffs

A DISCOVERY that should be of much value to housewives has been made by the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry. It is that perishable foodstuffs of many kinds may be kept from spoilage by storing them in containers of glass or transparent paper, black or grass-green in color.

Black or grass-green shuts out the chemically active wavelengths of light which cause spoilage, especially in foods that contain fat or oil. But no shade of green other than grass-green seems to serve the purpose.

These facts have been proved by a series of experiments. In one test a set of glass bottles, one containing lard, one butter and one salad oil were placed in ten separate compartments. Each compartment was covered with glass of a different tint and the whole frame of bottles was exposed to sunlight.

At the end of the experiment the materials kept under the grass-green glass were still sweet, while those kept under glass of any other shade of green, as well as of different shades of blue, purple, yellow, orange and red, were found to be rancid. Like results were obtained when oil-bearing foods were wrapped in transparent paper of varying hues.

In another test two lots of the same meal were stored side by side for about a year, one in a glass bottle exposed to direct sunlight and the other in a glass bottle wrapped in black paper. The meal in the black bottle was fresh and sweet when removed. That in the unprotected bottle was spoiled, with a very rancid odor.

Crackers, potato chips and coffee spoil rapidly when so stored that the active rays of light can reach them. But grass-

green or black containers prevent or greatly retard such deterioration.

Uncle Sam is keenly interested in seeing to it that his citizens are supplied with pure, nourishing food. Congress has passed many laws to prevent the manufacture and distribution of eatables which are deemed dangerous and Government scientists have carried on many series of experiments to find out just how perishable foods should be prepared and packed.

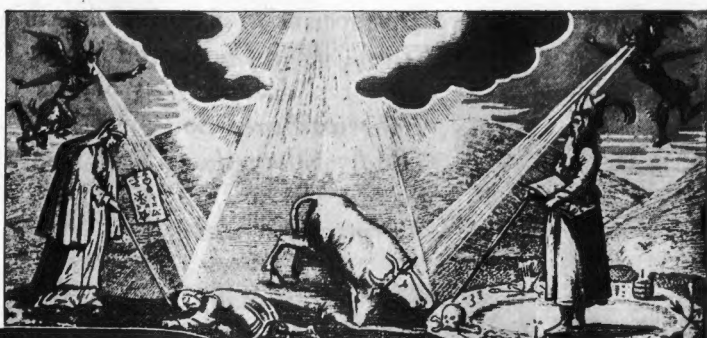
This new information about the colors of containers will be passed on to housewives and to manufacturers and distributors of many products. It is certain that bags of transparent paper and bottles and jars black and grass-green in color will become more common as they go on, for packers of food products are eager to please the public and to put into effect any of Uncle Sam's proven improvements in packing methods.



Storing Potato Chips in a Grass-Green Bag of Transparent Material to Prevent Spoilage.

Science Studies Mysterious Rays From the Human Body

Experiments Which Prove That Yeast Cells Can Be Killed By Looking at Them and That Flowers Wilt More Quickly on Some Women Than Others, Suggest There Is Some Basis for the Old Idea of the "Evil Eye" and Other Curious Beliefs Long Thought Only Superstition



A Medieval Woodcut Showing "Death Rays" Coming From the Eyes of Demons Controlled by Magicians.



An Old Carving of a Charm Against the "Evil Eye" on a Medieval Church. The Eye Is Shown Surrounded by Objects Thought to Neutralize Its "Power."

ANY number of persons believe that if one looks intently at the back of another person's head, that person will be compelled to turn around and meet the eye of the looker. Others, and especially in Italy, have long believed that some persons have the "evil eye," that is, that these persons can bring death and disaster to those upon whom their malignant gaze rests. Amulets against this "evil eye" are sold all over Europe.

Occultists think the body is surrounded by an "aura"—a highly colored nebulous radiance somewhat like the tail of a comet. Prevalent in the United States, Canada and Mexico is a belief that flowers almost instantly die upon some women, while upon other women they remain fresh an astonishingly long time. And of course there is the idea of telepathy—the belief that thoughts can be communicated without words by some mysterious wireless current between individuals.

These beliefs are held by many millions of people, and until recently have been thought entirely superstitious.

But now sober, orthodox science has come to the conclusion that there is a sound basis of fact back of all these ideas, that there are radiations from the human body which have, in a more or less limited way, precisely these effects. Science denies that there is anything supernatural about it all, but admits that the old folk-beliefs are certainly not wholly superstitious.

The English philosopher, Herbert Spencer, wrote that the mind of man could invent nothing. It could take natural facts and combine and interpret them into something different from the reality. But reality was at the bottom of them. Nothing, no matter how fantastic, that the mind of man could conceive, but had its feet upon reality. He also wrote that beliefs going back for many centuries could not be dismissed as mere superstitions. However erroneous the interpretation, they were the result of actual observations of natural phenomena by many thousands of minds throughout many generations. The duty of the scientist was not to deny the fact but to correct the interpretations.

A few weeks ago at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Syracuse, N. Y., Professor Otto Rahn, of Cornell University, reported remarkable experiments showing that living plants, the same kind of yeast used in making bread, are killed when placed close to the living eye of a human being. It is not true that the eye kills the yeast cells by its glance, as believers in the imputed power of the eye probably would assert. Still less is there any evidence in favor of any such power of human eye rays over

higher creatures, such as human beings. What really occurs is merely that a set of special rays is emitted by the living eye, just as special kinds of lamps emit invisible ultra-violet rays. Professor Rahn believes.

Living yeast cells are sensitive to these eye rays. Just as these same yeast cells are, indeed, to the ultra-violet rays from the special sun-lamps. With too long exposure to the rays, the yeast cells die—whether these rays come from these special lamps or from living objects like a human eye.

Eyes are not alone. Professor Rahn finds, as sources of these potent but invisible rays. Other rays apparently of the same kind are emitted continually, he finds, by human finger tips, by the tips of noses and by other parts of the body. Finger tips on the right hand of a right-handed person emit more of the rays than those of the left hand, but the reverse is true for left-handed people. The whole body, Professor Rahn believes, probably emits some kind of these invisible rays. And that is not all.

Nearly ten years ago a well-known Russian biologist, Dr. Alexander Gurwitsch, placed two growing rootlets of an ordinary onion side by side under the lenses of his microscope. So long as these two rootlets remained alive and continued to grow, each of them, Dr. Gurwitsch found, affected the other. The effect was to retard the growth, so that two onion roots growing side by side grew faster than either of the rootlets would grow alone.

Many other investigators have confirmed these experiments since the original observation. The majority of scientific men now agree that a growing onion root does emit some kind of an influence which stimulates the growth of other onion roots placed nearby. Dr. Gurwitsch explains this as

probably caused by some kind of ray emitted from the growing root. Since these roots grow by a process of duplication of the living cells for which scientists have the Greek name mitosis, Dr. Gurwitsch called the supposed rays "mitogenic rays," often shortened to "M rays."

It was not long until similar rays were discovered coming from other kinds of living creatures. At the

famous Pasteur Institute, in Paris, Dr. and Madame J. Magrou discovered similar rays from cultures of living bacteria and concluded that these rays, too, can affect the growth of rootlets or of other bacteria. In Switzerland, Dr. A. Neville showed that the rays from growing onion roots can be harmful as well as stimulating, by proving these rays can cause an injury to the delicate surface of the eye of a frog;

At Left—Yeast Cells Magnified 1,000 Times, the Organisms Which Science Has Proved Can Be Killed by Radiations From the Human Eye and Tip of the Nose.

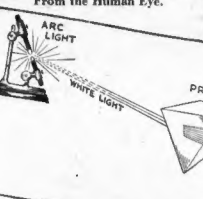


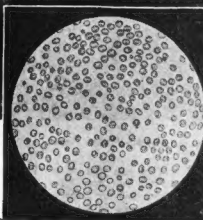
Diagram Showing How a Ray of Light Is Divided by a Prism Into Its Different Wave Lengths Which Produce What the Human Eye Recognizes as Colors. The Radiations From the Body, and Especially From the Human Eye, Are Thought to Belong to the Region of the Ultra-Violet, and Perhaps Even Above That.

Next, Dr. G. Frank and Dr. N. Popoff discovered the emission of rays apparently of the same kind from ordinary animal muscles. German investigators next discovered that cancer tissue, whether from human beings or animals, is another powerful emitter of these rays. At the Boyce Thompson Institute, at Yonkers, N. Y., Dr. D. N. Borodin confirmed many of these experiments, using as his detector for the rays the same living yeast cells which now have been employed by Professor Rahn. The rays which affect these cells have been detected from no less than 16 different living materials, including bacteria, plant roots, animal blood, nerve cells, muscles, cancer cells, fertilized animal eggs and many other kinds of living things known to be in rapid growth.

A few biologists, including the distinguished American scientist, Professor E. Newton Hartland, of Princeton, still doubt the reality of these effects.

reported by Dr. Gurwitsch, Dr. Borodin and others and still believe that the supposed M rays may not exist, but these critics are in a minority. Experts on physical rays agree, too, the theory of a special kind of ultra-violet rays, as formulated by Dr. Gurwitsch, is a plausible one. The growth of living cells involves many kinds of chemical reactions. It is not unlikely that some of these chemical reactions might emit ultra-violet rays, just as the chemical reactions which take place in a fire emit rays of visible light.

One characteristic of the body rays seems to be that they are given off most powerfully from parts of the skin or other organs which are growing most rapidly. The skin on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, for example, wears away rapidly and grows out just as rapidly from the living layers underneath. The same is true of the finger tips, which probably is why Professor Rahn finds these to be good emitters of the human rays. Any part of the body which ordinarily is unclothed, such as the face or hands, probably emits more rays than the parts ordinarily covered with clothing. The mouth, also, is lined



At Left—Yeast Cells Magnified 1,000 Times, the Organisms Which Science Has Proved Can Be Killed by Radiations From the Human Eye and Tip of the Nose.

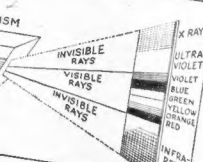


Diagram Showing How a Ray of Light Is Divided by a Prism Into Its Different Wave Lengths Which Produce What the Human Eye Recognizes as Colors. The Radiations From the Body, and Especially From the Human Eye, Are Thought to Belong to the Region of the Ultra-Violet, and Perhaps Even Above That.

with tissue which rapidly wears out and regenerates itself, so that plenty of the rays may be expected also from these mouth tissues. Maybe this explains why kissing is such a popular pastime. The human rays may explain some long-standing mysteries of fact and folklore. Many people have reported, for example, that certain human beings possess a mysterious power to damage or kill cut flowers by mere contact. A common experiment is to pluck at the same instant two flowers from a plant, pin one of these to the clothing of such a flower-killing person and pin the other similarly to the clothing of a person without this power. What happens, many responsible and honest individuals have reported, is that the flower pinned to the first person wilts much more quickly than the other flower. Almost everyone knows of some nice, sweet girl on whom cut flowers immediately wilt.

Several possible explanations exist for this apparently mysterious fact. One suggestion is that the heat rays emitted from the body of the first person are stronger than the similar rays emitted from the second person. This might wilt the flower, just as the same flower wilt if it is placed close to a hot stove. It is possible, however, that the curious ability of the flower-killers is due to exceptionally powerful rays of the type studied by Dr. Gurwitsch, Professor Rahn and by others.

Another popular story which scientists have been inclined to laugh at, but which may be explained by these new discoveries, is that of people who can sour milk merely by being close to it. The souring of milk is due, everyone now knows, to the growth of the milk of millions of bacteria of a certain kind. These bacteria destroy the sugar in the milk and convert this into a simple form of acid.

If it is true that the mysterious M rays from living creatures sometimes have the power to stimulate growth as well as to prevent it, rays of this type from individuals who are especially powerful radiators might stimulate the growth of the souring bacteria in milk and thus actually create the legendary power ascribed to such individuals.

Another ancient folk tale which the new discoveries may explain is the legend of the "evil eye" or "buri eye," a person believed to have this evil eye can clear the street merely by walking down it, so terrified are the ordinary people of this imagined power to strike the ground with a glance. It is possible if someone could search the population of a city like New York, thousands of magic charms against the power of the evil eye would be disclosed, one of them a glass eye, together with heaps of lucky rabbit's feet and magic lodestones.

It is nothing dangerous, of course, about the eye rays reported by Professor Rahn or about any others of this ray family. The distance which these rays can cover is too small. The ancient charms of things like these were responsible, centuries ago, for the beginning of the evil eye legend.

It was responsible, centuries ago, for the growing onion roots on each other, as discovered by Dr. Gurwitsch, would not be beyond the powers of observation of ancient scientific men. And if some one of these things like these were made his observations public, these facts might be exaggerated in the public mind in the course of centuries to form such terrifying legends as that of the evil eye or of creatures like the fabled basilisk, also supposed to kill by a glance.

New Light Upon Pharaoh's Persecution of the Israelites

Discoveries In a Buried City of the Mysterious "Shepherd Kings" Who Conquered Egypt, Reveal That the Ruler Who Honored Joseph Was of His Own Race, and Why the Hebrews Fared So Badly When the Invaders Who Had Protected Them Were Finally Driven Out

A Bronze Mirror in Which Some Hyksos Beauty Admired Herself Thousands of Years Ago.



Lost for Four Thousand Years—An Ornamental Pendant of Gold Drugged by Some Hyksos Woman



A Hyksos Plaque Apparently Showing a Fabulous Bird Carrying Away a Deer, and Entirely Un-Egyptian in Its Characteristics.



A Grave in the Cemetery of the City Containing the Skeleton of a Hyksos Warrior Who Was Buried Beside His Horse, With Wife or Servant Also Interred in "Keep Him Company."



Curious Ivory Sphynx Found in the Buried Hyksos City, Showing a Marked Semitic Nose.

skeleton lies between that of the warrior and another skeleton. This last may have been his wife or a slave, killed to "keep him company" in the other world. It was the size of the animal which surprised the scientists. It had been a great war horse, not at all like the small, rangy animals characteristic of Central Asia, from a part of which, according to some theories, the Hyksos originally came. It is the first of the Hyksos horses ever found. If there were thousands of the followers of the "Shepherd Kings" mounted upon such powerful brutes, as is probable, it explains their rapid conquest of the best part of Egypt. It has also been stated that they used the bow and arrow.

As the Egyptian method of fighting at that time was on foot and hand to hand, they could, of course, put up no resistance.

The Jewish historian Josephus quotes from an ancient tradition as follows: "In the days of a King of Egypt named Timaen the land was suddenly invaded from the east by men of war, who, without a struggle, destroyed cities and towns, and enslaved the inhabitants." It is obvious that soldiers no lightly armed as the Egyptians of the time and having neither horses nor bows and arrows could not put up much of a "struggle" against those who did have them.

Another tradition says that the survivors of the Hyksos horde were finally concentrated in one of their fortified cities called Avaris. Unable to capture the stronghold, the Egyptians finally allowed them to depart, whereupon they went forth, established themselves in Palestine and built Jerusalem.

The discovery only a few days ago of a number of letters written by a Hyksos king, Amenhotep, to his successor, Amenhotep III, the son of Amenhotep, who was the successor of the Pharaoh whom Moses defied and who finally led the Israelites out of Egypt, has shed new light upon the Hyksos.

In them, the Canaanites beseech Pharaoh to send them soldiers and chariots to fight the "Habiru" who were trying to take their country from them. Sir Charles Marston, noted Biblical archaeologist who is financing an expedition exploring the site of Jericho, and he believed the Habiru could be identified as the Hebrews.

Sir Charles also said that the letters bear a date which according to modern research coincides with the period of the Hyksos conquest of Palestine. They were sent either to Amenhotep, or to one of his immediate successors. The fact that they were found at Tel El-Amarna shows they reached their destination, but if any replies were sent there is no evidence as yet to show it.

It seems obvious, however, that a people who had been comparatively recently driven out of Egypt would not be so slow to take them for help.

Even if the answer to the enigma of where the Hyksos went is not found in the city Sir Flinders Petrie is excavating, the mystery of where they came from may be.

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, the distinguished English archaeologist, has uncovered in South Palestine a city of the mysterious lost race called the Hyksos. Discoveries there have thrown a wholly new light upon the reasons for the welcome of the Israelites into Egypt, the favor they enjoyed for many years, and their subsequent cruel treatment by the Egyptians, which ended in the Ten Plagues and their escape, led by Moses and Aaron, from the bondage of the Pharaohs. It now appears that the Pharaoh who welcomed Joseph and his brethren was not an Egyptian at all, but belonged, as they did, to the Semitic race.

No one has known much about the Hyksos, and all kinds of guesses have been made as to their identity. They appeared one day about 3,500 years ago on the frontiers of Egypt. They were horsemen with swarms of cavalry. The horse at that time was not known in Egypt, and the Hyksos speedily conquered a large part of the country. They ruled for about five hundred years, and were known as the "Shepherd Kings," because of the flocks of sheep they introduced with the horses, and of their rude, unpolished habits as contrasted with the far more cultured manners of the conquered. They were skilled in the art of war.

The Egyptians, with their usual high intelligence, studied the Hyksos' efficient military organization and bred horses from stock bought or stolen from the invaders. After three centuries they soundly whipped them in a series of battles and drove them out of Egypt. It had taken them a long time to get around to it, but the ancient Egyptians were a patient race and didn't mind taking plenty of time to do the thing right.

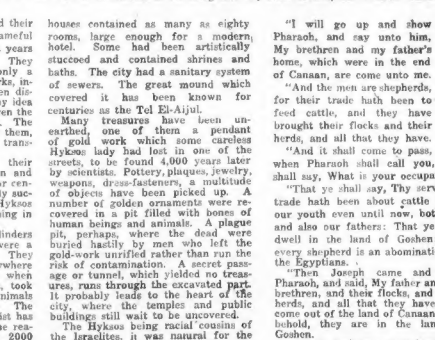
The "Shepherd Kings" then disappeared, apparently off the face of the earth. Just as nobody knows where they came from, nobody knows where they went. The Egyptians considered their successful invasion the most shameful page in their history, and spent years destroying every trace of them. They did this so thoroughly that only a handful of their statues, art works, inscriptions and writings have been discovered. Not enough to give any idea of who the Hyksos were. Not even the names of their kings are known. The Egyptians had another word for them, however, which is conservatively translated "pest."

Egypt, however, retained their horses and military organization and these were what enabled them to continue to be a ruling nation highly successful in their wars. The Hyksos culprits had really been a blessing in disguise.

The discoveries of Sir Flinders Petrie prove that the Hyksos were a Semitic people, like the Israelites. They lived in southern Palestine anywhere from 3000 B.C. to 1500 B.C., when they abandoned all their cities, took up their beds, baggage and animals and marched down on Egypt. The city which the British archaeologist has discovered was deserted for some reason before that march, about 2000 B.C. It lay on the great desert road between Egypt and Syria, and had been occupied for many centuries before its abandonment.

When Sir Flinders started digging it was only an immense mound, like an enormous round hill. Now a good part of it has been uncovered. The houses and streets can be walked through, as in Pompeii. Some of the

A Partial View of the Houses of the Long-Lost City Discovered by Sir Flinders Petrie.



houses contained as many as eighty rooms, large enough for a modern hotel. Some had been artistically stuccoed and contained shrines and baths. The city had a sanitary system of sewers. The great mound which covered it has been known for centuries as the Tel El-Ajajul.

Many treasures have been unearthed, one of them a pendant of gold work which some careless Hyksos lady had lost in one of the streets, to be found 4,000 years later by scientists. Pottery, plaques, jewelry, weapons, dress-fasteners, a multitude of objects have been picked up. A number of golden ornaments were recovered in a pit filled with bones of human beings and animals. A plague pit, perhaps, where the dead were buried hastily by men who left the gold-work unperfected rather than run the risk of contamination. A secret passage or tunnel, which yielded no treasures, runs through the excavated part. It probably leads to the heart of the city, where the temples and public buildings still wait to be uncovered.

The Hyksos being racial cousins of the Israelites, it was natural for the "Shepherd King," who was the Pharaoh, to welcome them. And thus is now made perfectly clear some verses in Genesis, whose meaning has long been obscure. It is related in Genesis, chapter 46, vs. 31 to 34, and chapter 47, vs. 2, 3, 5, 6, that when Joseph summoned, at the Pharaoh's command, his father, Israel, and his brethren into Egypt, he said to them:

"I will go up and show Pharaoh, and say unto him, My brethren and my father's house, which were in the land of Canaan, are come unto me. And the men are shepherds, for their trade hath been to feed cattle, and they have brought their flocks and their herds, and all that they have."

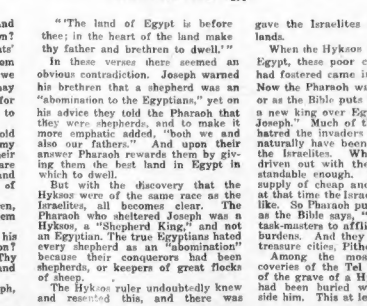
"And it shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, What is your occupation? 'That ye shall say, Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we and also our fathers: That ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians.'"

"Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and behold, they are in the land of Goshen."

"And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh."

"And Pharaoh said unto his brethren, What is your occupation? And they said unto Pharaoh, Thy servants are shepherds, both we and also our fathers. And Pharaoh spoke unto Joseph, saying, . . .

Joseph Explaining Pharaoh's Dream—It Is Now Believed That the Mysterious "Shepherd Kings" of Egypt Were a Semitic Race, Thus Explaining Why They Welcomed the Israelites Into Egypt, and Why the Israelites Were So Badly Treated After the Hyksos People Were Driven Out of Egypt.



Golden Hair Rings, One Perfect and the Crushed, Dug Up in the Buried City.

therefore no surer way of Joseph's family obtaining his favor than by laying stress upon this occupation as their own. And as Pharaoh Joseph had foreseen, the Pharaoh welcomed them as brother shepherds, and, farther to humiliate the haughty Egyptians, gave the Israelites the best of their lands.

When the Hyksos were driven out of Egypt, these poor cousins whom they had fostered came in for hard knocks. Now the Pharaoh was a real Egyptian, or as the Bible puts it, "there arose up a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph." Much of the resentment and hatred the invaders had aroused must naturally have been poured out upon the Israelites. Why they were not driven out with the others is understandable enough. Here was a large supply of cheap and docile labor, for at that time the Israelites were not warlike. So Pharaoh put them to work, or as the Bible says, "did set over them task-masters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses."

Among the most important discoveries of the Tel El-Ajajul was that of the grave of a Hyksos warrior who had been buried with his horse beside him. This at least 4,000 year old

"Poor Butterfly" in Real Life as Well as in Opera

Almost Penniless, the Japanese Prima Donna, Tamaki Miura, Creeps Home With More Sorrows Than Crushed the Composer Puccini's Pathetic Heroine Whose Love-Tragedy She Sang



A Boatload of Geisha Girls, Correctly Dressed—But the Opera of "Madame Butterfly" Is Not Correctly Dressed, Japanese Critics Say, and So It Moves the Japanese Audience Not to Applause but to Laughter.



A Feast in the Old Days Before Tamaki Became Famous. (A) Tamaki; (B) Franchetti; (C) Her Companion, Miss Suze, Politely Sitting Between the Prima Donna and the Men Who Was to Become Her Lover; (D) Dr. Miura, Sitting at the Very End to Show His Confidence in His Wife—Confidence Somewhat Hapless.



Tamaki Happy With Stalwart Signor Aldo Franchetti—She Thought He Was Going to Marry Her, but He Married Somebody Else Instead. Poor Butterfly!

TOKIO, Aug. 8.—JUST as the wistful little Cho Cho San—who lived the cheerful, care-free life of a butterfly until she was forsaken by her American lover, Lieutenant Pinkerton—ended her life in a pathetic tragedy, so Tamaki Miura, who won world-wide fame in "Madame Butterfly," is suffering as pitiful a fate as the Japanese heroine of Puccini's operatic masterpiece.

Quite badly have her wings been singed. Poor Butterfly! She has just returned to Tokio, friendless, practically in tears, heart-broken, mourning her past mistakes, and almost penniless. Her beauty is gone. She is quite fat. Her voice is still lovely—but the cheerful laughter which once won the heart of Tokio's theatre-going public to "Madame Butterfly"—ah, where is it!

Forsaken by her foreign husband, as was Cho Cho San by her American naval officer, and no longer able to attract profitable houses in the theaters of America, Tamaki Miura returned to Tokio in hopes of finding a warm and hearty welcome in her native land.

Instead, she was laughed at. When she visited the tomb of her ex-husband and broke down in tears, the newspapers jeered. They charged Tamaki with merely seeking publicity. For days after that the noted singer was ill and some feared she might, like Cho Cho San, take her own life.

The wonderful opera, outside of Japan, to which it was only just laughable, "Madame Butterfly" found its final expression in a cheap song, "Poor Butterfly."

Tamaki, mourning high as "Madame Butterfly," is now just "Poor Butterfly." Quite down to earth. The fate of Tamaki Miura and other almost uncanny parallels between the role and the lives of the prima donnas who have sung "Madame Butterfly" combine with repeated failures in its presentation in Japan to bear out the otherwise unbelievable and possibly absurd Japanese idea that some wretched hand punishes those who sing the pathetic song.

The private life of Tamaki Miura has been a series of tragedies, not so pathetic as the one great tragedy of Cho Cho San, but harsh ones, to say the least. She has not gone so far as to commit hara-kiri, but her mind is more American than Japanese as a result of her residence of more than fifteen years in the United States. But her mother, who has just recently greeted Tamaki back to Japan, said: "If I could only see my daughter as she was in the old days—happy and carefree—I would die happy."

But the once gay Butterfly is sad and downcast. Here, in her native land, she is now repeating her decision in having years ago forsaken her husband for a career.

Diminutive little Tamaki has always been somewhat of a rebel against conventions. From the start

she hated the old Japanese customs which make the Nipponese woman a chattel—first of her father and later of her husband.

While still in her teens, little Tamaki horrified all Tokio by running away from her first husband—her honorable father's choice—and flaunting the family honor by seeking the protection of Dr. Miura. That able young biologist, exposed in his youth to the contaminating Western influences of European universities, was also a "modern." He had made no effort to conceal their mutual admiration, but openly acknowledged it.

Finally Tamaki was granted a divorce and became the wife of the young doctor. Then she began to attract attention by her voice. It was not long before contracts were traveling by cable under the Pacific. American impresarios offered fancy sums for her sweet soprano tones. She listened and decided to give up her second husband for a career and money, doing something she had never had before.

Tamaki Miura traveled from city to city, from triumph to triumph. Thousands flocked to see and hear her on the great stages of New York, Chicago, Boston and San Francisco, while her husband pined away in Tokio.

The torrid love which prompted the little prima donna to leave her first husband soon cooled. Tamaki manifested little interest in her leading man, Theodore Kittay, who ideally fitted the part of Lieutenant Pinkerton in the Puccini opera.

Soon, however, she tired of Kittay and turned to Signor Aldo Franchetti, the stalwart and handsome operatic conductor. For months and months the happiness of Aldo and Tamaki seemed supreme.

Then the pair were forced to separate for a time when Tamaki signed a contract to sing in Honolulu. As soon



Tamaki Miura as "Madame Butterfly" During Her Triumphs Outside of Japan.

as her engagement was over she returned to New York, but Franchetti was no longer there. The clerk at the hotel told her he had gone to Boston. Tamaki knew where to reach him there, so she called his studio. "May I speak to Signor Franchetti?" "Signor Franchetti? No. The maestro is on his honeymoon—with Miss Maid, his pupil. They were married yesterday." "Poor Butterfly!" Tamaki fell in a faint, but not on a sword, as la hure, like Cho Cho San. She remained in seclusion for a few days, and then married a young

Prima Donna Tamaki Miura, as She Appeared When Greeting Her Aged Mother in Tokyo—And Not Looking Very Much Like a "Butterfly." Poor or Otherwise.

Italian nobleman, whose name she refused to divulge. She told reporters she was very, very happy, and that she had forgotten Franchetti entirely.

But perhaps Tamaki was not expressing her true thoughts. The feeling of being abandoned must have been secretly as bitter to her as it would be to any other woman, and she now knew the feelings of the ill-fated heroine of the opera which made her famous.

Her marriage with the young Italian nobleman did not last long. In the meantime, her popularity in the United States waned. So Tamaki, no longer happy and carefree, decided to pack up and return to her native Nippon.

Her cherry blossom land, Tamaki perhaps felt, would welcome her with open arms. She was wrong. The pathetic "Butterfly" returned to find her Japanese husband dead and the Japanese public cool towards her. Only her aged mother and her brother wel-

comed her back. One of her first acts on returning was to visit the tomb of her second husband. Here she broke down entirely in tears and asked his forgiveness.

Today friends of the singer say Tamaki is a broken-hearted woman. She is as sad or sadder than Cho Cho San ever was. Knowing this, the wise ones in Japan nod their heads. Her fate has added to their conviction that there is a curse on the opera. "It might be mentioned here that 'Madame Butterfly' has been presented scores of times in Nippon, but never successfully.

Invariably the public has burst into uncontrollable laughter in the middle of the opera or refrained from attending the show altogether.

It might also be noted here that Geraldine Farrar, who dominated the role of Cho Cho San for perhaps a longer time than any other prima donna, found tragedy in the midst of happiness when she was at the height of her popularity in "Madame Butterfly."

She was married to Lou Tellegen, the Great Greek God of Love, and she was supremely happy. Then she found that he loved many others, left him immediately and divorced him.

It is a strange spell which hovers over "Madame Butterfly," or so think the Japanese. Some time ago, Kocak Yamada, most famous of Japanese musicians, decided to pit his fortune and his future against the possibility of failure in producing "Madame Butterfly" on the Tokio stage. Other companies had tried it before, but were laughed off the stage and the producers lost heavily.

Yamada thought that the others had lost because they had not given a true picture of Japanese love and Japanese life. Audiences had considered the attempts of Western operatic companies nothing short of ridiculous, because the gestures of the players were distinctly those of the Occident, instead of the Orient. So Yamada got together a company of Japanese players, available the savings of his lifetimes and set the date for the opening—ah! despite

the warnings of his friends that he was courting disaster.

The presentation was superb. It won the plaudits of all the critics. Despite its high favor among students of the opera, however, it was a losing proposition from the start. Yamada lost everything he had and much more. The management of the theatre also lost heavily. Only last month Yamada, after being sued by his many creditors, promised in court to give all his savings for the next ten years to pay off the debts he incurred by having produced "Madame Butterfly."

The knowing ones again nodded and said there was a curse on those who meddled with the pathetic saga which "ridiculed Japanese womanhood."

The attitude is probably one of prejudice, superstition and an unwillingness on the part of the populace to accept as a work of art a symbolization of Japanese life in the Italian tongue and flavored with twisted Western ideas. Now, since it has failed miserably, they believe there is a curse on the story.

At any rate, it is perhaps an irony of fate that the dramatic composition which has done probably as much as anything else to advance Japan abroad, when presented in this country, be greeted with naught but laughter and giggling.

But that, sadly enough, is the case. The truth is that the famous opera, based on life in Japan, becomes when presented by foreign artists, a comedy or a burlesque, so far as the Japanese are concerned. The Japanese cannot think of such a presentation as a drama. It is straight burlesque to them.

The real reason performances of the opera have failed in Japan is because the celebrated musical drama is a hodge-podge of misconceptions about the country—the costumes being caricatures of the actors having no conception of how to behave in a Japanese way.

In most of the performances by American actresses, the kimono, instead of being folded to the right, is usually folded to the left, as is done in Japan only on a corpse ready for burial. Sometimes the kimono just meets in front in a most disreputable manner.

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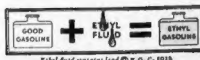
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Mystery of America's Prehistoric Towers

Archeologists at a Loss to Explain the Uses of the Strange Structures Which Dot the Banks of the Grand Canyon and the Lands of the Interesting Pueblo Indians of the Southwest

A DISCOVERY just made by Dr. Walter Hough, head curator of anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, may help to unravel the mystery of the strange old towers of the Pueblo Indians of Arizona that have so greatly puzzled scientists.

Dr. Hough has found that the Pueblo Indians used to go up to four high mountain peaks, and there, by magic and incantations, seek to bring down the rain, without which they would perish. He has found traces of the ancient shrines and implements on the peaks. From this it becomes probable that the towers were erected to help the medicine men to obtain advance information of the prospects of rain before they went up the mountains.

These structures are as mysterious as Stonehenge in England, or the famous round towers of Ireland, or the dolmens and cromlechs of Brittany or even the pyramids of Egypt, to all of which they seem in some way related. Nobody can say just how old the American monuments are. An age of about fourteen hundred years has been estimated for some of the most conspicuous of them. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that constructions of similar workmanship were erected in prehistoric times—perhaps 10,000 years ago.

The ancient builders were of higher culture than the civilized Indians of today, although the latter possess remarkable artistic skill. The earlier generations were pioneers in astronomy, architecture and other arts and sciences. There appears to be a link between the old builders and the mesa who dotted the world in prehistoric times with mighty monuments of great roughly hewn stones. Some people have connected them with Atlantis, the fabled lost continent, whose destruction is supposed to have scattered civilization beyond the oceans, although this theory does not receive much attention from the specialists in the archeology of the Southwest.

The distinguished experts connected with the Southwest, including the Indian and other learned institutions have not yet been able to reach a definite conclusion regarding the uses of the mysterious towers. The entire fascinating story of an artistic but fantastic civilization remains to be built up. It has been argued that the towers were for astronomical observation, or for defense and look-out purposes, or for food storage. Evidently there is a wide diversity in these uses.

There is more certainty concerning the kivas, the chambers often found at the base of the towers, and it is generally agreed that they were used for religious or ceremonial purposes. But even at that, it is still a great mystery what happened in them. Some of the Indians still resort to them for ceremonial purposes, and they are remarkably secretive as to what goes on there.

These chambers are usually underground and have no outlets except a carefully guarded hole in the roof, through which the light and air come down by a ladder. This queer arrangement has given rise to a theory that the ceremonies which took or down below were connected with the arrival of new spirits in the world to the departure of new-born babies and the departure of other spirits as members of the tribe died. The new spirits were supposed to come from the under-world, while the old ones went back to the place they came from. The object of the closely guarded entrance was to prevent any unauthorized spirits from escaping and wandering about the world and perhaps doing much harm to the tribe.

Many tourists have found it impossible to visit these somewhat inaccessible, ancient monuments, and so great is the interest in them that the Santa Fe Railroad and the Grand Canyon National Park have erected a reproduction of a watch-tower with a connecting kiva at Desert View on the south rim of the Grand Canyon, near the terminus of the railroad to the latter place. The tower is about 25 miles from El Tovar Hotel. It stands 70 feet above the canyon's rim and affords a magnificent view of the world's greatest chasm and the wonder-

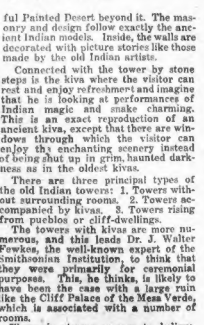
Indians of the Southwest



Actual Photograph of the Ruins of a Village of Cliff-Dwellers in Mesa Verde National Park, Inhabited Many Hundreds of Years Ago. In the Center is One of the Mysterious Towers, Whose Purpose Scientists Still are Trying to Discover.



The Kiva, at the Base of the Indian Watchtower at Grand Canyon, Reproduces the Interior of a Subterranean Ceremonial Chamber, Except for the Introduction of Large Windows Overlooking the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert. (From Painting by Gunnar Widforss. Copy-right by Fred Harvey.)



An Actual Photograph of the Entrance to One of the Kivas, Whose Interior is Reproduced in the Upper Left Photograph.

were first constructed. These people were advanced students of astronomical science in early times, like the ancient Babylonians and Egyptians. They could calculate the position of the sun and the conjunction of the stars with admirable accuracy. They lived by agriculture, and the study of the weather and the sky was a matter of life and death to them. Such preoccupations would logically lead them to sun worship.

Dr. Fewkes points out that, as the tower was in many cases devoted to the worship of Father Sun, the underground kiva would naturally have been given up to the rites of Mother Earth. The rooms at the base of a tower around the kiva would have been dwellings of the priests and granaries. Rows of ancient vases in which corn was stored have been found in some of them. The Sun Temple on the Mesa Verde is one of the most remarkable of the

The Indian Watchtower, on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Built by the Santa Fe Railroad and Fred Harvey. It is an Authentic Reproduction of the Ancient Towers Which, Centuries Ago, Dotted the American Southwest. (From Painting by Gunnar Widforss. Copy-right by Fred Harvey.)

servers have found that the strange and elaborate Hopi ceremonies always occur on the same dates. Over a period of many years there was noted a variation of less than ten days in the dates of important ceremonies. It was therefore reasoned that people, who could calculate time so accurately without having our clocks and watches, must have possessed considerable astronomical knowledge. Such accuracy is not shown by ordinary savages. In some of the kivas explored there have been found objects connected with worship, such as shrines, stone idols, statues of serpents and mountain lions and photographs of the sun cut on heavy stone slabs.

In comparatively modern times the Pueblo Indians were in danger of attack from the savage Apaches, Utes and Shoshones, and the towers must then have become very convenient for defensive purposes.

One of the Hopi legends tells of their savage enemies trapping and killing many Hopi brave men kivas. The enemy stole upon the tops of the kivas where the Hopi men were in council, and after removing the entrance ladders, slaughtered the helpless Hopis with fire and arrows. From this experience, it is thought the Hopis would have left a keen-eyed hawk on top of a tower to give warning of approaching enemies.

The kivas are supposed to have been a meeting place for men only, a council chamber and a scene of secret religious ceremonies. No woman knows, however, exactly what these ceremonies were. His eyes have never beheld the mystical and mysterious rites that were and still are performed in the seclusion of the kivas. Even today the close-lipped Pueblo Indian maintains great reticence as to what goes on in them.

The Hopi snake ceremonies are said to surpass those of India in daring and results they achieve. They catch rattlesnakes of the largest size. They hold the reptile sacred and it plays an important part in their ceremonies. Charles F. Lummis, who is considered the highest authority of Hopi life, gives an interesting description of their snake dance, obtained from a friendly tribesman.

"Every second year," says Lummis, "when the August moon reaches a certain stage (generally about the twentieth of the month) the women care many of the snake dance is performed in the Pueblo on the first of the month and four other Snake and Antelope festivals." Then follows a description of the celebrated snake dance. More than a hundred snakes were used, of which sixty-five were rattlesnakes. The dancers held the rattles in their mouths and made them do whatever they wished.

The mysterious old towers and kivas, it is evident, had many uses, and science can only guess at a few of them. There are traces of an ancient American life as interesting perhaps as that of Egypt, and fuller knowledge on the subject will be eagerly awaited.



Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians, Descendants of the Prehistoric Race That Built the Mysterious Watch-towers, Showing Them Carrying the Deadly Rattlesnakes in Their Mouths and Hands.

towers, but there are others that resemble it by their D-shaped form. The McElroy and Yellow Jacket Towers were probably used as observatories, but this cannot have been the purpose of the tower which gives its name to Square Tower Canyon, for it is hemmed in by cliffs and one cannot even look down the canyon or in any other direction.

On the Mesa Verde there is a tower in the middle of a village of cliff-dwellers. More than thirty towers and great houses have been studied by the archeologists, but no final conclusions concerning them have been reached. There are many others, but they are less well preserved than these.

The towers are of various shapes in cross-section, some of them circular and others more or less square. The rooms at the base of a tower around the kiva would have been dwellings of the priests and granaries. Rows of ancient vases in which corn was stored have been found in some of them.

The Sun Temple on the Mesa Verde is one of the most remarkable of the



"COLGATE'S?—WHY CERTAINLY!
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WITH YOUR TEETH, YOUNG LADY—YOU
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Queer Animal Friendships

Experiments in Germany and Elsewhere
Which Seem to Prove That There Is
Little if Any "Natural Enmity"
Between Different Species of
Beasts and Birds, and That
Maybe Some Day "the
Wolf and the Lamb
Shall Feed
Together," as the
Bible Predicts



Teddy and Chubb, a Mixing Picture Bear and Dog, Strike Up an Affectionate Friendship Believing the Old Theory That a Dog "Just Naturally" Hates a Bear.

SCIENCE has recently discovered that no animal is, strictly speaking, the "natural enemy" of another animal, and it is only the force of circumstances and the press of necessity in hunger that has made certain animals "carnivorous" and all the others vegetarians.

The cat, for instance, is not naturally hostile to the mouse, as has been proved by the fact that a kitten will play with mice without attempting to harm them. Not until the kitten has been trained by the mother cat that it must hunt mice for its food, or until it has learned the track by imitation of its mother, will the kitten become a mouse. And the cat would not stalk mice for a prey were it not for the fact that long lines of mice, reaching back to the cat's feline ancestors in prehistoric times, have handed down the habit of flesh-eating, instead of the habit of herb-eating.

The cat's fiercest ancestor, the saber-toothed tiger, moreover, would not have become a beast of prey had it not been for the fact that in Pleistocene times when the species was being developed, food supplies ran short. Most of the huge beasts of antiquity, including the enormous mammoth and many of the dinosaurs, were vegetarians, feeding on herbs, grasses and the foliage of trees. They had vast appetites and they became extinct because their fodder gave out.

Of course, all primitive animals came from the sea and were meat eaters. But in Mesozoic times vegetation was so luxuriant and it was so much less trouble to live off leaves and grasses than to hunt for game, that many orders of prehistoric animals changed their teeth and their stomachs, and became vegetarians. These beasts became so large and unwieldy they were easy prey for the remaining carnivores. But, as now, the vegetable-eaters reproduced rapidly and ample food for all.

When conditions changed and vegetation became scarcer, the fight for existence became fiercer. The flesh-eaters hunted down and killed off the herbivorous beasts, which were having hard enough times finding enough vegetation food.

It is solely for these reasons, not because of any instinctive "hatred" of one animal for another, according to Dr. Alexis Durov, the Russian scientist, that the apparent hostility between the various species exists. And to prove his point he is sponsoring in Berlin a series of curious animal exhibits in which a cat takes care of a litter of white mice, a rooster makes friends with his traditional "enemy" the fox, a wolf and a calf live amicably leashed to each other, and a cat and a monkey lovingly consort in play. Some of the pictures on this page reflect the success of Dr. Durov's experiments, the results of which have been on exhibition in the Zirkus Busch in Berlin.

It is a well-known fact, Dr. Durov points out, that whereas a human child will show an instinctive distrust of strangers, the same is not true of an animal baby. The cubs of the lion



The Cat Yanya and Her Strange Company of Pets, a Litter of White Mice, in Dr. Durov's Remarkable Berlin Animal Exhibit.



An Alligator Loves Dogs to Eat, but This Saurian at a Los Angeles Farm for Eight Years Has Been the Best Friend of the Dog on His Back.



A Wolf and a Calf Tenderly Kissing Each Other, in Dr. Durov's Exhibit Planned to Prove There Is No "Instinctive Hostility" Between the Species.

or bear will permit themselves to be handled freely by human hands; they are utterly trustful that no harm will come to them. Only when they grow older and are "taught" by their parents or learn from experience that the intentions of the human beings are not entirely of the best—that the human intends to cage them, restrain them as wild beasts—do they show their "vicious" distrust of mankind.

By taking animals in charge when they are babies and carefully guiding them from the influence of their elders, Dr. Durov has shown that he can almost make "the lion lie down with the lamb," as expressed in the biblical prediction. For instance, the cat with the litter of white mice was never permitted to learn, by contact with her mother or other cats, that she was "supposed" to kill and eat every mouse that came close to her. She was raised from a kitten on milk, soups, cold meats—anything except a diet of freshly killed warm-blooded animals which her carnivorous "instincts" were supposed to demand. She was not permitted to observe the mouse-killing proclivities of other cats and by imitation to acquire this ancient habit. And so she grew up to know nothing whatever about the desirability of slaying

and eating mice, and when she was introduced to a small white mouse for a luncheon. Gradually becoming accustomed to the idea of rodent playmates, she showed no surprise or resentment when she was made acquainted with a whole litter of white mice, and now they get along quite lovingly together. White mice were selected by Dr. Durov, not because gray mice wouldn't do just as well, but because of their beauty as contrasted to the coal-black coat of the cat, Yanya. Their strange friendship became a believe-it-or-not marvel in Berlin. "It is time," a spectator exclaimed, "to page Herr Doktor Klopoff!"

Of course Dr. Durov keeps the gentle Yanya well-fed at all times. If she should happen to feel a gnawing hunger within, some staccato impulse might move her to make a quick meal of one of her playmates. But it wouldn't hurt Dr. Durov's theory if she did. His thesis is that the so-called hostility of one animal for another, or of animals for man, is rooted deep in the law of self-preservation, is caused simply and basically by hunger.

The calf and the wolf, two other animals of the same mammalian ancestry which have become seemingly natural enemies, owe their reputation purely to their different habits

of eating. The wolf is descended from a prehistoric family of mammals which developed in a region where, for some reason or other, there was a shortage or an absence of vegetable food. Not being able to find suitable carbohydrates in plant food, the wolf's ancestors took to eating their smaller vegetable-feeding neighbors, and got carbohydrates by proxy. The difference in diet slowly changed the nature of their teeth and their digestive systems, necessity made their fleet of foot and strong of jaw and gave them claws for their feet, the better to track down and kill their prey.

But the calf's ancestors managed to thrive in a neighborhood where vegetable food was abundant, or were able to migrate to a region where all the forces weren't eaten up by numerous other animals, or destroyed by drought or otherwise. Hence their bones descended were gentle, grazing creatures who were satisfied to fill their large stomachs with bulky herbaceous food and to take a long time to chew their cud and think over nothing in particular.

The wolf, because of his predacious mode of life and the uncertainty of where his next meal was coming from, developed a better brain than the cow, became shy and swift and cautious—and was promptly killed out as a nuisance when he came into contact

with man. But it wasn't the wolf's fault that he was a wolf any more than it was the calf's fault that he was a calf. It was all due to that depression and food shortage back in the Pleistocene era.

So, in further proof of Dr. Durov's theory that it is all a matter of something to eat, the calf and the wolf in the picture on this page showed that, when taken at a tender age and kept in uniform of the bad habits of man and papa wolves, they could become fast friends who could live each other tenderly. This wolf never killed a calf in his life and probably never will if he does not learn by precept or example that his ancestors have always killed calves. In other words there is no such thing as a "natural enemy" between the two animals, no instinctive hostility, but one might be acquired if the wolf were permitted to run with his fellows and learn the habits of his grandfathers.

Another of Dr. Durov's astonishing exhibits is that of the fox and the rooster. A fox that will not eat a chicken is, as any rural resident will testify, a misnomer. Yet this fox,



The Monkey in the Fable Persuaded the Cat to Drag the Chestnuts Out of the Fire, and the Cat Bowed Its Paw—But This Loving Monkey Would Never Play Such a Scummy Trick on This Friend of His.



Peacocks and Hares Are Not Traditionally Friendly, but These Are in Dr. Durov's Berlin Exhibit.



A Cat, Defying All Precedent, Dranks Milk From a Bottle Held in the Mouth by a Big, Friendly Dog.

raised from puppyhood without the benefit of his sly parents' wisdom in matters of poultry, became a very good friend of the rooster pictured on his back. He was well-fed, like any of his kind, and he was a cat's cousin, the pet dogs of Dr. Durov's acquaintance, and it just never occurred to him to eat the rooster. Nor did the rooster, for he was not a cat's enemy, but a cat's friend. The friendship of the cat and the rooster, a fact of the cat's life, is one of the curious goings-on of old times, and it is one of the things that has made the cat his natural enemy.

If there is anything that an alligator is fond of for breakfast it is a pig. This alligator likes pigs, too, but he doesn't like dogs, and he doesn't like cats. The pet dogs of Dr. Durov's acquaintance, and it just never occurred to him to eat the rooster. Nor did the rooster, for he was not a cat's enemy, but a cat's friend. The friendship of the cat and the rooster, a fact of the cat's life, is one of the curious goings-on of old times, and it is one of the things that has made the cat his natural enemy.

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The Old Seraglio Was an Enormous Place, and This Picture Shows the Extent of Some of the Walls Overlooking the Bosphorus. Into the Dark Waters of the Bosphorus Many an Inmate of the Harem—Slave, Guardian or Favorite—Was Thrown After the Discovery of Some Intrigue or Because of the Displeasure of the Sultan.

THE mysteries of life beyond the grave were scarcely more difficult to penetrate than what went on behind the veil of secrecy in the harem of the Sultan of Turkey. Now and then the body of a favorite of the famous Seraglio was found floating in the waters of the Bosphorus, a silken cord drawn tightly across her throat, and occasionally a grand vizier or other person of importance was invited to the Sultan's palace and never seen again.

But how many "ladies of the harem" were there? And what really was the daily life inside those guarded walls in the Yildiz Kiosk in Constantinople?

At last, here and there, the strange facts are coming out. The last Sultan of Turkey was Mohammed VI, and he was deposed by the revolutionists in 1922—ten years ago.

The Sultan was not only an absolute monarch with the power of life and death administered to suit any passing whim or fit of anger, but a halo of religious sacredness surrounded his imperial person; he was Caliph of the Mussulmans, the official head of the Mohammedan church. Thus it was that fear of this despot and reverence for this august personage sealed the lips of those inside the walls of his palace and harem. And it is only now that those who know the secrets of life in the palace and seraglio are beginning to dare to talk.

Gazella Ciszlik, former beauty of the Turkish Sultan's harem and whose harem name was something like "Limbs Sublime," recently made a visit to her home town of Budapest, Hungary, where she revealed details of harem life that would have caused her tongue to be torn out in the "good old days" under Abdul Hamid. Even that important dignitary of the harem, the Master of Perfumes, after thirty years silence has talked. This man's exalted job was to concoct a special perfume for each of the Sultan's 237 wives, so peculiar and specially adapted to her personality that the Commander of the Faithful's nose knows her even in the dark.

The wives of the Sultan came to him from all directions; in fact, were always coming, and would have run into millions if he had accepted all offers. Most every man, woman and child throughout the Ottoman Empire, and many in all countries of the globe, were continually scouting for women that might catch the eye of the "Chosen of Allah."

If some beggar, with an eye for feminine beauty, saw it under ways and called the attention of a soldier, who called the attention of his captain, who mentioned it to the governor, who washed and dressed up the humble beauty and sent her on speculation to the palace, and the Sultan accepted her, there was prosperity and promotion for everyone concerned all the way down to the beggar, who might as his reward get one of the finest beging stands in the world, right at the entrance to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and become rich yelling: "Alms for the love of Allah."

Some wives were sent to the Sultan in the hope of winning political plums for the senders, others were shipped in lieu of cash for debts, taxes and tributes; still others he bargained for and bought just as he would a horse.

The reason the Sultans went in so heavily for wives and spent so much time in their harems was not that they were more amorous than the average run of men, but because love-making was about the only steady amusement they had between wars. They were not supposed to drink or read much of anything except the Koran, and there was no radio or sports. So the big thrill came with the arrival of some girl whose eyes the Sultan had heard were "deep as Tamerlane's well."

Candidates in droves were sent hopefully to the Yildiz Kiosk, but, like candidates for the "Follies" chorus, only a few got by the outer offices to face a committee of experts, who, after looking them over, thought perhaps one out of fifty worth a medical and physical examination preliminary to having the Caliph of Caliphs give them a glance. Should any of these meet the august fancy she was put through purification ceremonies and trained as to manners of a Sultan's bride on her wedding night, which, unless she made a big hit, might be the last time he would so much as put an arm around her.

These, however, were the common run of wives, from which he did not hope to get much

except variety. But once in a while came a great beauty, whose fame arrived before her. Perhaps on the glowing descriptions of his scouts, he had ordered the Grand Vizier to pay a heavy sum from the Ottoman treasury. Then the imperial customer would be as excited as a child on the delivery of a brand new and expensive toy and head the committee who determined whether a good investment had been made or the Commander of the Faithful had been stuck.

With so many going into the harem, it would have run far beyond 237, its peak, if there had not been three exits, one by natural death, one by strangulation with a silken cord or bow string, and a third by honorable discharge. One of the commonest and surest ways out was to be caught dallying with some man, any man on earth except the Great Caliph. In that case the offender was strangled and her body dumped at night into the waters of the Bosphorus. But before tossing her body into the boat, it was laid on the floor and all the harem ladies forced to walk past and look at the red welt around the throat and be warned.

From the number of bodies that floated ashore it seems that the ladies of the harem kept right on taking chances, getting caught and paying the penalty. The punishment for infidelity has long been known, but the importance of perfume in detecting these slips from fidelity was only recently brought out when the aged Master of Perfumes began to babble about the grand days before Mustapha Kemal broke up the whole harem scheme of things.

The modern Turkish woman buys and uses any Paris scent that she thinks will make her smell alluringly, but there was no such freedom in the harems of the Sultans. Every wife not only had to keep herself drenched in her own particular perfume, whether she liked it or not, but every garment and other possession according to strict harem rules must be saturated with it. Under no circumstances could she use any other. In some ways it was better than fingerprint.

Some of the Sultans, notably Abdul Hamid (referred to by the late British Prime Minister, Gladstone, as "Abdul the Damned") had a long nose and a long memory for smells, but neither he nor any of his guards, spies or harem officials could tell from a whiff left by a figure passing in the dark just which of the 237 wives she was. However, they could come pretty close to it, such as knowing that she belonged to the score or more Circassians or the score of lucky inmates from Georgia or the Anatolian contingent. Each group had a fundamental base perfume, such as attar of roses or oil of geranium, and each individual, on top of her group perfume had an individual overtone smell that was her very own.

If a man bribed his way into the harem gardens at night and was seen there by one of the spies who had not been bribed, he was doomed, because no matter where he might run, he would quickly be found, and his punishment was usually to be impaled on a sharp stake. But the lady whom he had been holding in his arms might easily escape detection provided she could get back with the others, if it were not for that perfume.

Should a shred of her clothing be left on a bush in her flight it would be so impregnated with her perfume that the perfume master would unerringly detect it. Even the man who had been embracing her would smell strongly enough to betray her, though torture failed to open his lips.

Guardians of the wardrobes saw to it that no wife could borrow the clothes of another, and the guardian of the perfumes never let any of them get out of his sight. With his own hand he anointed every one of the beauties from the newest, favorite, number one wife down to the forgotten and neglected number 237. This identity perfume was a great convenience to an absent-minded Sultan when trying to decide which lady he wanted for the evening. He might call for half a dozen by name only to dismiss them at sight and then say to his chief eunuch:

"None of these pleases me today. I have in mind pleasant recollections of one whom I last honored in the month of Ramadan, a dark-eyed houri from Anatolia, or was it Erzerum?"

With this clue the Perfume Master produces the perfume samples of the Anatolian group and because the nose is the closest-linked of all the senses to the memory the Sultan after a little



Whenever the Ladies of the Harem Were Permitted to Leave the Seraglio They Were Escorted by a Guard and Were Closely Shrouded and Veiled.

sniffing identifies the wife he wants and, as soon as she can be dolled up for the occasion, gets her.

When the new wife belonged to an old traditional group such as the Circassians, popular for nearly 300 years, it did not take the Master of Perfumes long to fix her up with an identity smell, because he had in his archives formulas that had been used by Circassian beauties of previous generations. It was when a European got in, that the odor specialist really put himself out. Some times for several weeks he studied the bride in all her phases, sleeping, eating, singing, dancing, laughing and weeping. Then in his laboratory he compounded something that was supposed to express in perfumes her main characteristics of body and soul. A sample vial of this and a prescription would then be handed to the guardian of the perfumes, who would see to it that the lady smelled strongly of it from then on.

Besides death from strangulation and natural causes a wife might receive an honorable discharge, and it was then considered a nice compliment to his Sultan for one of the officials to marry the lady, no matter how old and homely she might be. However, she did not have to marry to live. With the discharge went a small cash settlement, and whatever clothes and jewels she had at the time, which might amount to a fortune or almost nothing. The Sultan used also to marry his daughters off to pashas and other rich subjects, a high compliment, but a dangerous one, because the Sultan was forever after tempted to have his rich son-in-law assassinated and inherit the property.

Whenever the Seraglio held more than 200 wives a list of the oldest and least interesting would be presented to the Commander of the Faithful for discharge. The mad Sultan Ibrahim one day took a dislike to his entire harem personnel of 200 wives, had them all sewed up in bags and dumped into the Bosphorus, replacing them with new stock. Within the confines of the

New Secrets of the

Fear of Vengeance No Longer Threatens The nary Details of Life Behind the Guarded Sultanas, the Master of Per



Life Was Monotonous Inside the Prison Walls of the Imperial Harem, and Slaves Danced, Sang and Played Music to Entertain the Sultan's Favorites and Brought Them News and Gossip from the Outside World.



Sappho, the Pretty Greek Girl Who Was Torn From Her Fiance's Arms and Brought to the Sultan, Having Escaped, She Was Pursued and Preferred Death to Return to the Harem. Photograph Taken in Athens, in Turkish Costume, to Amuse Her Lover, Who Had Established a Business in Constantinople.

harem was a huge iron cage in which were confined her and even distant relatives who might possibly start a revolution if at large. One Sultan had lived in the cage or Kafes fifty years before he came to the throne.

The jewelry a wife possessed came and went, like chips in front of a poker player, according to the lady's luck and judgment. The Sultan had bushels of jewelry and always carried a pocketful of the baubles from which he decorated any wife who pleased him. But there was a string tied to these gifts, and if the next time he saw her, Sheherazade bore the Caliph of Caliphs he might take back most of his previous presents. Worse than that, even if Sheherazade had failed in no way, but Full Moon of Full Moon was the apple of her master's eye for the moment he was quite certain to bid her ask anything she wanted.

Of course, she must ask only for something within reach, but it would be considered quite reasonable to call for any or all the gawwaws that he had given Sheherazade or any other wife. Therefore, a shrewd, unostentatious wife, who managed to keep other women from being jealous

A Group of Georgian Slave Girls, Ex-members of Abdul Hamid's Harem. See the Fancy of the Imperial Dog the Position of One

Sultan's Harem

ose Who Lived in the Seraglio, and Extraordi-
d Walls Are Now Being Revealed by the
Games and Old Palace Slaves



erionced in Dancing and Singing and
ometimes a Pretty Slave Girl Caught
up, and Was Promoted to
of His Favorites.

of her winnings, might be dis-
charged a rich woman, while
a riddy fool would have
nothing but her clothes.

Though every wife had a harem nickname
given her by the lord and master himself or the
chief eunuch, she was really known in the busi-
ness routine of the harem by a number, just like
convicts at Sing Sing, but with one important dif-
ference. In a prison the prisoner's number is not
changed during his entire stay. In a harem
nearly all the numbers were constantly changing.
Pompous persons who like to show off try to
get low license numbers for their automobiles on
the theory that it means they have a pull with
the governor, mayor or some official. In the
harem everybody wanted to be No. 1 or as near
it as possible, because it really meant that No. 1
was the nearest to the Sultan's heart and No. 227
the furthest away, and service and attention in
the harem depended entirely on one's number.

Gizella Gelsilik, who is not 35 years old, ad-

mits that in her best days she was only No. 178.
In her case it did not mean that she had bored
or displeased the Sultan. She was really not a
love wife in his arms, booted her off the divan
and commanded "Legs Sublime" to take her
place. The promotion, unfortunately, was not
permanent. Entertainment wives always had
higher numbers than love wives. But when a
love wife lost favor her fall was a long one, clear
outside of the entertainment numbers, and she
knew she was soon to be discharged, alive or
otherwise. The slaves who waited on the wives
were all picked for their beauty, and might at

any time be promoted to the wife class, though
wives were never demoted to slaves.

Gizella says that, quite like chorus girls in
the "Follies," each had a small salary, besides
the presents. The common idea that harem wives
never were allowed on the street is a mistake.
They frequently went to the bazars to spend
their salary shopping. Of course, they went
heavily veiled, with only a pair of mysterious
eyes showing, and they were chaperoned by
guards, whose business was to slice off the heads
of any men who tried to converse with them.

But these guards could usually be
bribed to look the other way while
the girls had a rendezvous with some
man. As the Sultan knew that all his
subordinates were grafters, he usu-
ally sent spies to watch the guards
and the women, and they often caught
them red-handed. This meant that
the lover and the guards would be
impaled on stakes and the faithless
wives received the attention of the
harem strangler. But not neces-
sarily. These snoopers would also usu-
ally "listen to reason," if the bribe
was high enough.

With only one husband, perhaps
fat, old and an invalid, for more than
two hundred women, all over-fed
and under-exercised, they were nearly
all man-starved, which was one of
the reasons for continually taking
death to meet men outside. Another
reason was the profit in it. Some of
the lowest numbered favorites were
the most unfaithful, for political reasons.

The Sultan's favorite had the Sultan's ear,
and, man-like, he must boast to the perfumed
lady in his arms about his enemies, his friends,
his problems and how he was solving them. The
favorite was not only able to pass valuable infor-
mation on to her sweetheart, but gave her lord
and master advice prompted by that sweetheart,
who was willing to pay high for such service. Of
course, it would not do to display in the harem
the strange jewelry he gave her, but this could
be kept by relatives outside against the day of
discharge.

The Oriental being what he is, the Sultan
knew perfectly well that he was not catching
half the infidelity that was going on and there-
fore his suspicions made it dangerous even for
the most innocent men to be in the vicinity of the
forbidden place. It is recorded that a Venetian
merchant was hanged because from his house in
Stamboul he had been seen peering through a
spy glass at the walls of the seraglio.

Sultan Mourad IV. had a playful habit of
sitting by a window of his kiosk and taking pot
shots with a cross bow at passersby in the court
beneath. Although the Sultan was the "Chosen
of Allah" and could do no wrong this little habit
annoyed his subjects, causing so much unfavor-
able comment that the Sultan's ministers finally
presumed to call it to the imperial attention and
persuade the occupant of the Royal Divan to
please reduce his bag to not more than ten head
per day. Being an obliging monarch, he ac-
cepted the suggestion.

The 200 or more wives had at least 300
slaves to wait on them which with the guards,
spies and officials brought the Sultan's house-
hold up to between 500 and 600 persons, not
counting his children and the unpopular slaves
others and even many of the slaves were kept
caged up in the cage. Not a minute's
work was expected from any of the wives, but
they were under as strict discipline as sailors in
the navy. They had to rise and go to bed, eat,
pray, bathe and be perfumed at certain specified
hours, except when the Sultan had signified his
intention of honoring one of them for the even-
ing. In that case the fortunate one received
special and elaborate preparations. But all the
others and even many of the slaves were kept
carefully groomed on the off chance that the
Caliph's eye might wander to one of these un-
derstudies and he might want her.

It is a mistake to think that the Sultans loved
only fat Fatimas. They preferred their women
very young and young girls are almost always
slim. In the harem with nothing to do but stuff
themselves on sweets they soon became corp-
ulent heavyweights, which the fatalistic Turk ac-
cepted as Kismet and the will of Allah. In the
mist of the harem the Sultans had their own
private bath in the form of a magnificent swim-
ming pool. The Sultan entered this alone and

once inside he carefully barred the only door
with a heavy steel bolt. This was not from mod-
esty, but because he did not want anyone to run
in and "give him the works" with a dagger while
he was naked and helpless.

All Mohammedans are prohibitionists but,
like other prohibitionists, many of them drink, and
the Sultan's wives were no exception. The ladies
drank champagne and during Gizella's time it
was of a cheap and wretched quality smuggled
into the seraglio inside of rubber hot water bot-
tles. But the ladies, having never known any-
thing better, thought they were enjoying some-
thing especially grand and wicked. It is said
that the Sultan knew about this peculiar form of
bootlegging and did not mind. He had his own
private stock, the best that money could buy.

When a baby was about to be born to one of
the wives the ordeal was enlivened by the pres-
ence of as many of the other wives as could crowd
into the chamber, where they chanted a tuneless
song that was supposed to express their wishes
that the baby would be a boy. Usually jealousy
prompted them to secretly ask Allah to make it a
girl because a man child would reduce the
mother's number from ten to twenty points—
that is, if the Sultan believed it was his own. If
not, mother and child would soon be floating
silently in the Bosphorus.

The only European men to get a peep at any
of the Sultan's wives unveiled, and live to tell the
tale, did so during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
At that time the Turk was not called contemptu-
ously "the sick man of Europe," but was a
great military power whose favors were eagerly
sought. Ambassadors from the great powers
were often forced to cool their heels for hours
and days before they were allowed to enter the
throne room and see the Sultan.

Queen Elizabeth, hearing of the Herculean
preparations of the Spanish Armada for her de-
struction, was well scared and, looking around for
help, sent ambassadors to Turkey in the hope of
getting them to attack the Spaniards. To get the
Sultan's attention at all, the Queen knew she must
send the wily old rascal some very valuable pres-
ent worthy of a great potentate. Elizabeth was
one of the stingiest monarchs that ever lived. She
refused even to save her own life and country ex-
cept at a bargain. When that terrifying Armada
finally descended on her she sent her little fleet
against it with just enough powder and shot to
fight one good battle. She reasoned that it
would be all over one way or the other by that
time, but she was wrong. It was not enough and
the victorious English had to withdraw, but an
unseasonable storm finished the destruction of
the fleet for her, for nothing.

Such a tight-fisted lady could not possibly
force herself to spend a princely sum on such a
piece of gold and precious stones as the Sultan
would not turn up his nose at. However she got
round the problem by sending him a pipe organ,
of insignificant value but a novelty whose cost
the Sultan could not very well estimate. With
this imposing but cheap present the Queen sent
its maker, an Englishman named Dallam, to set
it up. The Sultan was curious and interested and
ordered the strange thing installed at once in the
harem, without knowing that Dallam would have
to enter the forbidden place to do it.

It has never been good form to tell Sultans
that there is anything wrong with their com-
mands. The custom is to get it done somehow,
at any cost. So the ministers decided to show
the wives out of that part of the seraglio and
quietly let Dallam do the work and get out with-
out anyone knowing the difference. While he
was working, the guards permitted the English-
man to peer through a grating into a garden
where he saw some 20 young persons throwing
a ball to each other. In describing that remark-
able moment he wrote:

"At first sight I thought they had been
young men. But when I saw their hare don on
their backs, platted with small perles, and by
other plain tokens, did I know them to be women,
and verie pretty ones indeed. They wore a lit-
tle capp, fair chains of perles and jewels in their
ears, costes like a souldier's mandilion, some of
red sattan and some of blew, briches of fine
clothe made of cotton wool as white as snow and
fine as lawne. Some did
buskins and some had their legges naked with a
golden ring on the small of her legge."

Dallam was gazing upon 20 of the Sultan's

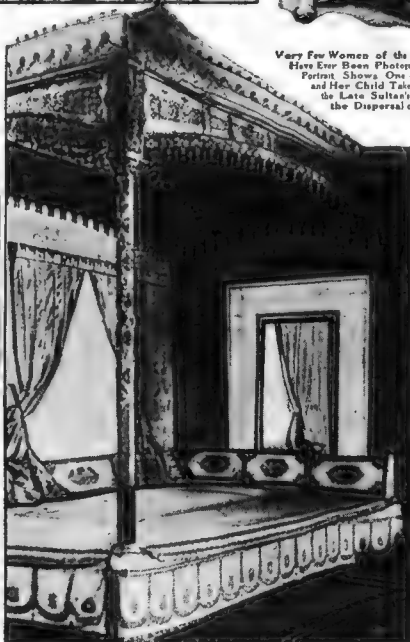
Continued on Page 53



The Sultan's Sitting Room in the Harem, Richly Upholstered, With Enormous Divans and Brilliantly Lighted, Where He Could Inspect the
Beauties or Fedding Chorms of His Wives.



Very Few Women of the Imperial Harem
Have Ever Been Photographed, But This
Portrait Shows One of the Sultanas
and Her Child Taken in Paris After
the Late Sultan's Abdication and
the Dispersal of His Harem.



The Enormous Bed of the Sultan, Richly Carved and Ornamented, and
Big Enough to Hold Half a Dozen.

At Fountains.. At Home

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing



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the pause that refreshes**

And its appetizing taste makes it a natural partner of good things to eat. Thus ice-cold Coca-Cola brings sociability to the fountain and hospitality to the home...As a further contribution to home hospitality, Coca-Cola offers a wonderful new book by a famous author. It tells you how to entertain in the smart, inexpensive, modern way. You'll be delighted if you send for a copy.

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WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN WHAT TO DO, AND HOW by IDA BAILEY ALLEN

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USE THE COUPON

The Fascinating Story of a Girl Who Risked Everything for Love

[illegible]

When Nairne indignantly refuses, Struthers compels her to pass for Spring, the picture that is to be his masterpiece.

Fired with a murderous rage, Nairne returns to Struthers' studio and tips the canvas over which she posed to shreds with a heavy paper knife, outside the door he notices a man hiding in a shadowy hallway and the odor of cheap beer.

tax to John Maw who a poet who shared a meal with Stephen Strouthers a racing writer at Naim's Bar. An old friend of Patsy broke her into waiting Alice Ray and Ruth Worms friends of Nairne and the game is on.

They Lynn, something of a genius as an architect and the heartbreaker of the crowd also he marked attention and when he kisses her Patsy is lost. She realizes she loves him and makes up her mind to marry him.

Tony takes Pru for a ride in his plane that night and they are forced down near a farmhouse by a broken oil line. The plane is repaired but it is a long time before she reaches home.

Art Hippert tells Pru about the wages and she eventually is lured into taking a train for New York where John Maxwell is on his annual pilgrimage to Greenwich Village.

In the morning Struthers is discovered unconscious in his office.

Art Poring, fearing he may lose the wager, threatens to tell Nancy's jealous husband Jim of her liaison with Admie Inair, unless she gets someone to persuade Poring to keep away from the Manderson set.

Narciso has left a set of her fingerprints in a wine fresh green paint on the table. Police chief told a believe Narciso was ripping the painting with the paint came on and caught her, then Tony stabbed him. Tony refuses to tell where he was as it will implicate Prue.

A Haven

S PRUE stood outside the door to Maw-liss' Green-wich Village studio all roads of life for the mo-



of which she had always heard stories that were alarming, whipped the breath from her lips and stained her cheeks with excited crimson.

"I never thought he'd be like that," she confided. "He was always so solemn and staid, so senseless and practical in Waynesboro. I came to him to get a job and a decent boarding house and

that Prue hung upon the edge of panic. A door opened across the hall and the girl whom she had found sitting on John Mawllise's knees when she arrived, looked out at her. She was a pretty girl with rather wild bobbed hair.

The girl, occupied between a small gas range and an oval green table upon which she was setting another scarlet plate and cup and saucer, nodded briefly, age-old

**Suddenly Nairne Turned
Her Head on the Bright
Cushions and Burst Into
Silent, Agonizing Tears**

wisdom in how we spend money.

"He likes to kid himself," she said. "The men the girls don't want are the worst. Johnny craves affairs so bad that I'm sorry for him. He comes to New York and talks about that wretched town where he lives and says he comes

For a moment a pungent memory of her home town, alive, overwhelming, swept Prue, and she closed her eyes upon torturing tears.

"Yonder is a faucet and a basin," said the other girl, watching her. "Take off your hat. You've come some sort of a cropper and you need rest and quiet. I just have this one room. I do fairly well with illustrations, but

Illustrations: Memories
Stephen Struthers and the
bare studio, the screen about
the model posing on the paper-mac
rock. Lunch brought in by the
well-behaved Mawla, the Ton
on the wall. "This in the
Thought possibly the coun
club—so beastly hot—"
the crawling on the wall.
Stabbed through and thro
then with the intolerable pain
it, Prus put her cool wet ha
over her face behind the gay c
tain that concealed the lit

Pauline knew "audio life," she typed, "was a long time for Mawilas."

haunting the old battered chairs from the Chief's desk. "Remember, but not everything. If you are ever man and wife, discontinue and human things and your own job, you never lie to be told any more. Your coupon me has nothing to do with it. Call upon you. I should like to see the man who made it. I had about the Struth case in a paper."

After, the Chief did not know he to deal with people like Nate. She had a way with her. Ja mark the clear eyes throbbed at him through

there. I do not deny I distinctly remember the point."

"And you do not intend me more?"

"Of course," said Nalrnt, "I haven't told you thing yet. I noted two about this man in the hall of the studio door."

"And what were they?"

"ominous quiet."

"He wore a wrist watch a radium dial and he seemed dreadfully of several kinds."

(Continued on Page 1)

Wine Talks:

Chief of Police OGDEN
look up in astonishment
as Nairne Manderson
entered private office. There
was a determination in her
manner which he instantly recog-
nized. He had seen it often

"I have to tell you something," said Nairne sitting down haughtily in the old battered chair across from the Chief's desk.

"...not everything. If you are a clever man who understands men and human beings and your own job, you will never have to be told any more. You will know what has nothing to

do with the call upon you. I should be come here the moment I had about the Struthers case in a paper."

know he to deal with people like Nate. She had a way with her. Ja mark the clear cool eyes thlooked at him through

advertisement.

Ogden brought his fist down on his desk with a resounding thump while his face took on

reddish tint.
"Young lady, you gotta cut
across better than the
glared. "I know that it was ya
hand that left that mark in the
wet pant on the sliding door.

"Well," said Narnie, "I was there. I do not deny it. I distinctly remember the man's paint."

"Of course," said Nairne patiently. "I haven't told you a thing yet. I noted two things about this man in the hall outside the study door."

"And what were they?" was ominous quiet.

"He wore a wrist watch with a radium dial and he smelled dreadfully of several kinds

(Continued on Page 18)

Advertisement.

Parents—this story of young Jimmy Bates is retold for you — because it treats of a matter that is of vital, life-long importance to every child.

2. Of all proud fathers, Jim Bates was proudest. Between him and his little boy existed a rare and beautiful companionship from the time little Jimmy first began to toddle.

3. An athlete and outdoor man himself, Jim Bates took keenest delight in watching his young son grow into robust, active boyhood . . . Then, quite suddenly one day . . .

4. Jim Bates realized how much the boy had changed. How listless and lifeless he had become. He no longer played with other boys . . . was "cranky" and irritable.

Of course, she did something about it—quick. Mrs. Bates had never dreamed that the trouble with young Jimmy was—constipation. And . . . later . . .

5. One day Jim came upon a scene that hurt him to the quick. Some boys were playing ball. And young Jim watching them _____ completely out of it . . . a passerby really an outsider.

8. That night Jim, anxious and worried talked it over with Martha. She smiled. "Don't worry, Jim. I took Jimmy to Dr. Landis today. He told me what to do—just wait!"

8. What a difference it made in your Jim! Here he is—himself again . . . the same husky, happy boy, always alert, full of life . . . and it's no wonder his Dad is proud!

Every parent should know what it was - for their own children's sake. Mrs. Bates saw to it that Jimmy played outdoors more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank lots of water . . . and every morning—*regularly*—she gave him a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes is a natural "regulator." It speeds up sluggish intestines gently, safely. Thus it often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to pale cheeks. You'll find, moreover, that it is a most delicious food . . . thousands say that it is by far the fin-

est tasting cereal on the market. So get a package of Post's Bran Flakes *at once*. Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob your family or you of the good things of life. Begin serving Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*. A product of General Foods.



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make sure
your Eggs
are FRESH...

*Speedy delivery and dating
guarantee this coffee's freshness—
protect its rich, full flavor*

THE FINEST COFFEE in the world is
neither good nor healthful unless it
reaches you absolutely *fresh*.

For coffee is *perishable*... like eggs, milk,
butter. And the only way to protect its flavor
and healthfulness is to deliver it *swiftly*.

Here is the scientific explanation of the need
for this precaution:

In every pound of coffee there is approxi-



mately a half cup of delicate oil. *Fresh*, this
oil carries the marvelous flavor and aroma
that you love in really good coffee. But stale,
it becomes rancid and toxic... is a frequent
cause of indigestion, headaches, nervousness,
sleeplessness.

And so, to assure you of really fresh coffee,

*make just as
sure of*
FRESH
COFFEE!

Chase & Sanborn rush their delicious *dated*
coffee to your grocer straight from the roasting
ovens... Every can stamped with the *date* of
delivery... No can of this dated coffee remains
on any grocer's shelf longer than ten days.

Buy a can of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee
today. Enjoy the marvelous flavor famous
among coffee lovers for 66 years.



LOOK
FOR THE
DATE
ON THE CAN

TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, CHASE & SANBORN'S DATED COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT

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(Continued from Page 16)

A black and white illustration depicting a scene in a private office. On the left, a man, identified as Chief of Police Ozden, is seated at a large, cluttered desk. He is looking up with an expression of astonishment or surprise. On the right, a woman, Nairne Manderson, stands leaning against a door frame, looking back at him. She is wearing a dark, fur-trimmed coat. The office environment includes a desk with papers and a pen, and a chair in the foreground. The style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

his fingers could work? And what had she had to do with it? Anything? She had taken to his studio the weapon which had

[illegible]

"I have told you all that I expect to, and what would be more than enough for any competent officer who held a position on, she said with cutting hauteur. "You must go ahead and do your worst. But I warn you that if you attempt to arrest Mr. Lynne or myself if of the worst happen to Mr. Strathers, it will cost you your reputation and your job. I am going to get myself a law

CHAPTER XXX.

A Sorrowful Conference.
HOMER had a strange appearance to Nairne when he got back to it from police headquarters. Its luxury and beauty seemed somehow stripped from it. She was another being and she walked in another world. If Stephen lived and he wanted her, she would be another person. He would get to him or whatever terms he dictated in the world without Stephen Struth. It was an unthinkable place. She would not endure it. To be arrested for killing the man she adored, for murdering the thing that now made life worth living was too hideously humorous.

The butler who had been a
upstage with Stephen the night
before told her that Mr. Lynn
waited for her in the sun parlor.
As Nairne entered the sun
parlor she saw Tony standing by
the goldfish pool staring out at
the gardens. He was about to
greet her and she saw that he
looked very grim and determined
and not a little angry.
"See here, Nairne, I've got to

get the straight of this," he said curtly, drawing up a chair for "out of the way." "You say that it is a hate. Ogden this morning. no end. But with me you've got to be frank. How did that paper knife of mine get to Struthers' study?"

"I don't know where it was nor cent's k-pt?" asked Nairne.

"On the table in my study room here."

"Well, I took it from the table next to early this morning."

"You did?"

Nairne nodded, wearily. She reached for a cigarette and so it between her tight lips.

"Yes. It is a long story, rather."

"But you've got to tell it," said Tony, looking at her grave. "You and I are in a jam. Your finger prints there and my dagger! I don't know about your alibi, but I can't broadcast mine."

"I know well you can't," said Nairne grimly. "You were with Bruce."

"Nothing wrong about it," said Tony, striding about. "We went up for a flight from Land's End and at Freedomport I got a break in my oil line and we came down fifteen miles from a garage. Had to wait. That's all. But how the deuce would it sound?"

"Like the deuce," said Nairne with a nod. "Yes, and I can't mention my alibi because it

"Why?" snapped Tony.

"Because I was in that dog gone studio practically all night," said Nanny viciously. "And, Tony, if Stephen Sturthers dies, I may as well die, too! And that's my rotten luck. I'd die for him if I could. I never knew myself before."

"Yes," for the moment, to

Then his face became gentle and he sat down near Nairne where she lay, only tense on a luxurious divan, her fragrant cigarette smoke rising upward from between her legs. Tell me about it, Nairne. I fancy we shall have to be frank with each other. It is a pretty nasty mess if the poor chap dies."

The story tumbled out then, from Nairne's tense, reluctant lips, growing in emotion as it went on, and Tony listened, struck dumb with utter amazement. Was this girl on the edge of fire, was she so near the burning and unending pain which she said the Nairne-Manderson he knew. She was not.

"And so that's that," she finished with a wretched sort of flourish. "Can you tell me, sir, what a poor girl like me is to do?"

(Continued on Page 21)

HER BABY... thriving... gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health—radiant, buoyant health—through the years to come!

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Mail coupon below for a free copy of "Baby's Welfare"—containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test of Eagle Brand. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand—feeding instructions are on the label.

FREE! HELPFUL BABY BOOKLET

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print name and address plainly)

"Just the telephone," he eyed her keenly. "Young woman, if you cared like this about Struthers, why did you let Lynn try to kill him?"

At first she hardly heard him. Then she remembered. The final punishment had not been meted out to her. She had a chance, perhaps.

"He is still—living?" her stiff lips would hardly manage the words.

"Yes. Not conscious. They have hope. Are you ready to tell me now and why that dagger got into the studio?"

"I took it there," said Nairne grimly.

"You?"

"Yes. You must not mix up Tony Lynn in this. He had nothing to do with it. I myself took his paper knife to the Struthers studio."

"But what on earth for?" the Chief was honestly astounded.

"Don't you know anything?"

"Not much about this," said Ogden grimly. "Only that you and Lynn tried to do for Struthers. But go on."

"I took it there to rip up that painting," said Nairne then desperately, "and to all criminals come and you and I were the only ones they did things so that you came go ahead and make an arrest?"

"And Struthers came in and saw you mutilating his masterpiece and piece and naturally objected," said Ogden tartly. "Lynn got mad and went for him."

"I tell you, Mr. Lynn was not

"From the table in his suite at my home."

of any other knife in the house?"
with heavy sarcasm.

"I just happened to see it," said Nairne, realizing how fanciful the story must sound to the man opposite.

"I see. You were in Lynn's apartment at your home at four in the morning? Or did you see it earlier and decide to keep it?"

"I got a chance to go to the studio?"

Nairne said nothing. She rose and picked up her pocketbook and gave a little jerk to the edge of her smart hat. Her jaw was working, and she suggested fine and her level eyes flashed the angry face of the Chief.

"Why doesn't she do something about it?"

★ Underarm odor is hard to excuse when it's so easy to avoid—with MUM!

THERE'S one experience that never fails to make us feel irritated, resentful—the unpleasant experience of having to sit near someone whose toilet has plainly not included the use of an underarm perspiration deodorant.

We wonder how the offender can help noticing it herself. The fact that she does not seem to realize her own lack of daintiness does not make it any easier to excuse.

It is even harder to overlook when you think of how easy it is to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor—with Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.



WOMEN
is wonder
security is

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It simply destroys objectionable odor. Women who depend upon Mum need never fear that they will offend in this way. Mum is 35c and 60c at all toilet counter in drug and department stores. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

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ONE FULL OUNCE

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fashioned brand after trying Golden Grain once.

Lots more for your nickel, too! You get one *full* ounce... enough extra tobacco to make at least six extra cigarettes. And get this... you receive two books of fine *gummed* papers free with every bag.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

GOLDEN GRAIN

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Enough for **SIX** extra smokes

No wonder they call Golden Grain "THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NICKEL'S WORTH!" You get enough extra tobacco for six swell extra smokes every time you drop your nickel on the counter at your nearest tobacco store.



TWO BOOKS OF
GUMMED
PAPERS
free

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NICKEL'S WORTH

The Callater Treasure By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 10)

"What truck? I never drove no truck."

Strange, thought Ronald, that a crook should be such a bad liar. Alf was plainly both surprised and alarmed and had not the skill to conceal his feelings.

"Well, if you're going to start tellin' a lot o' blunkin' lies about me—"

"You'll wait for me at some dark corner and lay me out I suppose. I'll never go round dark corners. Alf, don't be an ass. We crooks can afford to quarrel."

"Crook you blunkin' self!"

"More or less?" agreed Ronald and passed on his way, having gleaned the valuable little item that there, had certainly been more than one lot at work at the Laurels.

Malmesbury occupied a whole house in Bedford Row in which he maintained four qualified solicitors as his juniors and a large number of clerks. He gave his personal attention only to the "family" side of the practice, that is, to the administration of estates and the care and protection of property of widows and orphans. Having the air of a genial, fatherly old fool, he was considered the ideal repository of family secrets.

Ronald spent ten minutes in the waiting room before he was shown into Malmesbury's room, a massive affair so typical of the family solicitor that Ronald unjustly suspected the rows upon rows of deed boxes, the little vase of flowers on the huge, old-fashioned writing table of being mere stage properties.

"Ah, my dear Channet. How unfortunate that I was compelled to keep you waiting! One is rarely, alas, one's own master. To sit down, my dear fellow, I particularly wished to see you, and now you have come. Really, this is one of my lucky days."

Ronald hesitated, then dropped into the armchair and tried to look wholly at ease.

"Then you had better begin," he said, contriving to sound amiable. "What did you want to see me about?"

"Miss Callater! Miss Callater! Can it be—no, it cannot be that you have not heard?"

"I've heard that—"

"Malmesbury," he interrupted Malmesbury. "Do not put it into words, I beg. I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, my dear fellow, we must put our heads together and find some means of protect-

ing the dear girl, of protecting her, Channet, if necessary, against herself! As for myself, I confess I am almost relieved to hear you use those words, cruel though they are. I blame myself bitterly—believe me—bitterly."

"I'm glad we are fully agreed on that point," snarled Ronald. "Now this Mrs. Caughway stunts of yours—"

"Do you know, Channet," said Malmesbury profoundly, "I am almost relieved to hear you use those words, cruel though they are. I blame myself bitterly—believe me—bitterly."

"I'm glad we are fully agreed on that point," snarled Ronald. "Now this Mrs. Caughway stunts of yours—"

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"But have you not heard that," he broke in. Malmesbury. "Mrs. Caughway herself has disappeared also. It is the most preposterous coincidence—"

"Quite! Quite too preposterous," Malmesbury allowed his jaw to drop.

"Then do you—connect the two events?"

Ronald smiled a loud laugh in which there was no amusement.

"Well, I'm—look here, Malmesbury—unless you have someone hiding behind that panelling there are no witnesses present. You might just as well admit that Mrs. Caughway was Callater in make-up."

There came into the fishy eyes a faraway look. Malmesbury

"Oh, that unspeakable wager!" moaned Nairne.

"If Prue ever found that out—"

"I said Tony, looking suddenly haggard and tired.

"Are you going to marry her?" asked Nairne quietly.

"If I ever warm out of this and she will have me," said Lynn through his teeth. "But the less I see of her now the better. I can see you get high up on the cushion feeding rolls to the cockatoo the morning of that cursed wager."

"If Stephen dies, it is your finish and mine," said Nairne in a small voice. "Neither of us can say where we were last night."

Certainly I cannot, and you dare not," agreed Tony. "Prue's good name, the wager, everything would be dragged in the mire then."

"You haven't tried to talk with Prue?"

"No. Keep her out of this."

"All right," said Nairne helplessly. "If Stephen dies, Tony, I shall tell everything I know about all the time that I must. I took your dagger and got you into this."

"What can you tell that would free me?" Tony asked Tony hotly. "You don't know who stabbed Struthers. The police will think that I was the man who, that night with Prue to win your wager for you and that when I

walked towards the window, then returned to his writing table and savored the flowers. When he spoke it was in tones of the utmost solemnity.

"Channet, that very idea has already occurred to me. It came to me this morning when I was—having my bath."

"It might have occurred to you earlier than this?"

"True! Again I blame myself. There was the date of her arrival—the day after Callater's escape. There was the fact that I distinctly heard the clicking of a typewriter in the housekeeper's room. Typing, you must admit, Channet, is a most unusual accomplishment in an elderly housekeeper."

Before Channet could interrupt Nairne boomed on:

"There was your extraordinary discovery that she—or would it be less confusing to say 'he'—was in my car that night, unknown to me, and miraculously escaped through the police corridor round the Laurels. That—or—rather unpleasant detective was convinced that escape was impossible. He was right. And I, who consider that I am not wholly a fool, ought to have seen at a glance the most feasible explanation of Callater's apparent escape from the Laurels."

"Can't we leave?"

"Moreover, my dear Channet, we have to remember that Callater himself showed so complete and accurate a knowledge of my own movements that I ought to have deduced that the information could only have come from

one of the household—may, could only have been gleaned by me actually inside my household. I can think now of a dozen odd little incidents, very odd little incidents, that ought to have cried out the truth."

"Exactly. And if—"

"Take it incident by incident and you get very little. Weld the incidents together, Channet, and you get a chain of evidence that in my opinion is utterly unbreakable. I ask you, can we seriously doubt that Mrs. Caughway was indeed Callater himself?"

The constant hearing of his interruptions by an irresistible stream of words led Ronald to feel that the moment was ripe for the moment. He was it just barely conceivable that Malmesbury had really been unaware that he was sheltering Callater.

—That he had never suspected until today? Was the man really such a glib fool as all that? Or was he a dynamic background with an uncanny power of making his audience accept the part he chose to play?

I don't know how a jury would take all that, Malmesbury."

"They would take it in one way only," said Malmesbury, in a very ecstasy of unconsciousness. "His own ruin is quite certain—as soon as Callater is recaptured. I have never shirked a fact, however unpleasant. But, my dear fellow, let us not, I beg, forget our main purpose—which is to help Miss Callater in her present—ah—distracting plight."

Ronald was choked. He had come with the intention of using his knowledge to frighten Malmesbury, by his self-indulgent, had taken the wind out of his sails.

"I had hoped you might be able to do something," he said ineffectually, and was about to go when the house telephone rang. "I don't quite understand," Malmesbury was saying into the receiver. "Detective Inspector Orton and Mr. Jabez Winterhouse. Do they both want to see me together?—Indeed. A most unusual request!—Yes. Show them both up here and—ah—remember what I told you about social precedence. Hawkins—take care that Mr. Winterhouse's name is announced first."

Ronald would have left the room, but Malmesbury motioned him to stay.

"Channet, the blow is about to fall," said Malmesbury, clutching at his throat. "You will shortly see the edifice of a reputation built up by thirty years of strenuous toil come crashing to earth."

"Hm! All the same, I think I had better go."

"Stay with me, Channet. You cannot realize what it means to a man of my temperament to have a friend by him in the hour of trial. The fishy eyes filled with tears. "I feel you are my friend, Channet."

"Look here, I—"

"Mr. Winterhouse, sir, Detective Inspector Orton, sir," announced Hawkins and received from his employer a nod of approval for his cordiality.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Prue, you must forgive me," he murmured. "I was soaked to the deck rails. Don't even remember what I said to you. What I did. I told you to come over here and tell me this. I—I just got a long distance call from your sister Helen."

"You did?" Prue wondered what else Mawilis would do that would surprise her.

"Yes. Something awful has happened. Stephen asked her to call me. Gave her my number. Gosh—he—he is not expected to live! He has been stabbed, Prue!"

"Stephen Struthers?"

"Life came back upon her then in a surging wave. She seemed to awaken and her eyes blazed upon the little pool."

"What do you mean?"

"It's true," groaned Mawilis, mopping his round face. "The boy is in the Weymouth Hospital not expected to live. This morning he said just that much to your sister who is nursing him. Just told her to call me. The good old doc, Stephen!"

Mawilis broke down and, leaning against the wall about the sofa, while Prue stood in the door clutching her thin kimono about her, staring at him with horror.

Pauline Wals had gone blithely forth to see a couple of editors and incidentally look for a job for Prue, when this thing had come across the hall and humbly knocked at the Wals door.

It was as if a great crystal-ized old contempt when her eyes fell upon John Mawilis.

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Remarkable New Discovery a Boon to Brides!

Now a New and Marvelous Food Invention, Requiring the Addition of Only Water or Milk to Use, Enables Even the Most Inexperienced Bride to Make Absolutely Perfect Biscuits the Very First Time. And Have Them Ready for the Oven in 90 Seconds!

The Distinguished Chicago Artist, Mr. David Lockwood, Illustrates the Actual Results Which, According to Story, Often Followed a Batch of "Bride's Biscuits."

By BETTY CROCKER
The Distinguished Cooking Authority and Conductress of Radio's "Odeon," Most Famous Cooking School

NOW, at last, science has, in its latest, most thrilling food invention, found the way to remove completely and forever the stumbling blocks in the path of the young bride. Simply by making it possible for even the most inexperienced bride to make absolutely perfect biscuits the very first time.

Biscuits so light, so flaky, so marvelously delicious that today's—or yesterday's—bride may well expect to blush at her husband's ardent compliments rather than to quail and tremble at the sight of her husband writhing on the floor, convulsed with pain induced by well intentioned but poorly executed biscuits.

The invention itself is simple enough. But hundreds of experiments were made in the Research Laboratories of the millers of famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour before the way was found. And then, quite by accident, it was found that by using an entirely new-type shortening a product could be made which banished utterly all chance of failure in biscuit making. And which required the addition of only milk or water by the housewife to have absolutely perfect biscuits ready for the oven in the incredibly short time of one and one-half minutes!

From this characteristic came the name given to science's discovery—BISQUICK.

What It Is

Bisquick is utterly different from anything ever before known in that the "knack" or "trick" of perfect biscuits is already made. This is accomplished with an amazing new-type shortening which is mixed into the dry ingredients by a new and remarkable process which blends them together (something few women ever learn to do) about ten times more perfectly than human hands can do.

Bisquick is unique. The special-type shortening which is made exclusively for use in Bisquick is particularly important, for it shows it keeps fresh and sweet long after ordinary shortenings have turned rancid. Bisquick will keep for months even when the package is left open. There is nothing that acts like Bisquick. Nothing that gives Bisquick results. Bisquick is an entirely new method of making biscuits.

How It Acts

Simply add water or milk to Bisquick... stir... cut out... and put in oven. All of

1 Just Add Water or Milk to Bisquick And...

2 Put in Oven to Have Perfect Biscuits

Ready For Oven In 90 Seconds

Then too, it is based on an historic Old South recipe. And makes quick work of so flaky white, so beautifully browned and so delicious every husband will say they've better than those his mother used to make.

Bisquick is "Kitchen-tested" in home ovens just by your own under the direction of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour cooking experts. Thus, every package acts the same way. Uncertainty of results is entirely eliminated.

Every woman, certainly, should try Bisquick. Bisquick (as many call this new biscuit) will prove a revelation in ease of making and in results.

A Special Introductory Offer

To induce women to more quickly try Bisquick, its makers are giving One of Betty Crocker's New and Improved Biscuit Sheets Free Simply for Trying Bisquick. Note Remarkable Offer in Coupon, Please.

which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee... 90 seconds or less! There's no messing! No trouble! No failures from this amazing product.

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BISQUICKS are nourishing, healthful food for your family. Just as the breads that prescient bakers make with their scientific equipment and methods, and that you serve daily to your family, are indeed the "stuff of life."

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Enclosed please find TOP form and coupon for which please send me ONE and postpaid one Bisquick Baker (after good in U. S. A. only) as soon as possible.

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Of One 101 St. George Mills Bldg.
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

New Secrets of the Sultan's Harem

(Continued from Double Page)

wives unveiled, for which sacrifice he should have been impaled or at least hanged, and a little later he came close to death. With the pieces of the organ spread out on the scraggy floor, he heard a sudden commotion among the guards and looked up. With terror in their faces they were all running out of the room as if the place were on fire. He caught his dragoman, who spoke English, what was the matter, that fleeing worthy shouted over his shoulder that:

"The Grand Sinyori and his consanguines were coming and we must all be gone on pain of death. Before I got out of the house they had run over the green quite out of the gate and I ran as fast as my legs would carry me after. And four neagers or blackmores came running toward me with their seminary drawn; if they could have caught me they would have hewed me all to pieces."

Dallam did not get "caught," but neither did he get back and finish the job, the Sultan's mother could not put the organ together and economical Queen Elizabeth received no help from the Turks. It fell to the lot of an Englishwoman, more than two centuries and a half ago, to upset a Sultan's harem perhaps more than any one wife succeeded in doing before or since. The girl, Katherine Langdon, was a pretty London child of well-to-do parents, who objected to her marrying Edward Clarke, an attractive youth who always had money in his pocket, but was evasive about his antecedents.

Soon after the wedding the police gathered the bridegroom and Katherine learned that she had married a thief. Estranged from her family, she was taken in by the underworld and soon was convicted as a pickpocket. But on account of her youth, less than eighteen years, and her really extraordinary beauty, the judge ordered her deported to India to start life there anew.

In the Mediterranean the ship was captured by an armed Turkish vessel and brought into Tunis, North Africa, where all hands were thrown into prison until they could be sold as slaves. Before this happened the governor of the city, hearing of a beautiful white girl among them, visited the prison and exclaimed:

"O! Mahomet, what do I behold! A beauty able to tempt a hermit from his cell and make gray hairs to become young again. Certainly so smooth a forehead, diamond eyes, rosy cheeks, coral lips, alabaster neck, so well featured a body was not ordained for captivity, but rather to be embraced by a mighty monarch."

And so the governor dressed the girl in gorgeous robes and jewels, and with a bodyguard, took her himself to Constantinople as a present to the Sultan, knowing that he would earn a rich reward and preferment for such a service. And when the Sultan beheld her exquisite beauty, he, too, cried out:

"Most precious lady, whose beauty hath captivated my heart, and of a conqueror made me thy slave, thou, shining like a star of the first magnitude in beauty's horizon, wilt doest thou deserve to be queen of my affections, whom Nature hath already crowned with such transcendent prerogatives. Know then, that I bid thee heartily welcome, rare English paragon, and for those

excellencies which I do see in thee, I will prefer thee before all the women in my seraglio, making thee empress of all my dominions, as thou art already of my heart."

The blonde beauty realized the marvelous good luck which had suddenly befallen her, and with assumed maidenly modesty stood before the great potentate with downcast eyes. The Sultan then continued:

"Gracious lady! The only thing I desire of you is your real affection, not riches, but person, that I sue for; and though I might have compelled you by restraint, yet I rather seek to win you by love; for, forced affection is but feigned, and that music of marriage is but a jarring melody, where hearts are not joined together as well as hands."

To this the beautiful creature thus answered:

"Worthy Prince, should I deny

so great an honor, I might justly be taxed with folly in the highest degree; if, therefore, mighty sir, there be anything in me worthy to be loved, I have the highest ambition to be your servant in its highest altitude."

So infatuated was the Sultan that he waived all red tape of purification ceremonies, physical examination and instruction in bridal manners, taking her word for it that she was a virgin.

The next day the marriage was solemnized in the mosque of Saint Sophia and the bride was gorgeously attired and weighed down with the imperial jewels. And that the joy might be the more universal, the Sultan distributed among the Janizaries 100,000 golden sultanes. The beautiful bride was dressed Chief Sultanes of all the Turkish dominions, and so to be honored of all the people.

Such preferment and the dazzling beauty of the Sultanes

stirred heated ambitions in the hearts of some of the nobility of the empire, and though it was death to attempt any intimacies with the Sultanes, yet several of them suffered the fate of the bowstring for making love to her. Among them was even the Mufti himself, supreme man of the ecclesiastics among the Turks and interpreter of the law of Mahomet. This dignity was not only a high honor, but it was brought to the Sultan, but his estate was confiscated and his body cut into small pieces and cast in the fields for meat for the fowls of the air.

Nevertheless, the foolish woman was not content to remain faithful to her husband, but she carried on intrigues with several men "of a handsome aspect, attending with generosity, wit and gallantry," but her abiding husband refused to listen to the stories which were circulating around the harem and put to death some of his favorites

for daring to tell him what was going on.

A narrative of what finally happened is told in these quaint words:

"But in process of time, one that owed the Sultanes a good will, by reason his father had suffered upon this account, he in revenge thereof narrowly watching all her motions, having a very good opportunity as being one of her pages, when was one day entertaining a paramour of hers in private, he acquainted the Grand Seigneur therewith, who went thither to the place where they made their offerings of love, he came in such a critical minute that he caught them. This plainly proved her inconstancy; however, her beautiful charms were such a lure for her lewdness that he forgave her the crime, but her lover was forthwith impaled alive.

"The love the Sultan bore her, let her husband know, for his lewdness she pleased, inspired all the ladies of the seraglio with

such mortal hatred towards her that, contriving several ways to send her out of the world before her time, they at last poisoned her, which greatly grieved the Sultan, who, to revenge her death, caused a lady every day to be beheaded in the public market place in Constantinople, for a year, being in all 365, all which time the Sultanes lay in state, and then was interred with great pomp and ceremony in the royal mosque of Santa Sophia."

One day Abdul Hamid sent out a rush order for fresh stock for his harem. With this in mind, a palace official saw a pretty Greek girl named Sappho get off a boat which had arrived from Athens. She was greeted by her fiancé, Anacreon, who had built up a profitable business in Constantinople and was now able to marry her.

The palace official had his men tear the girl from her lover's arms and march her to the Sultan's harem. Sappho, Anacreon's enthusiastic approval. But Sappho wanted the man she loved, not a nasty old long-nosed Sultan. Anacreon managed to get his own dark-skinned slave

girl, Almah, among the harem slaves, and one night Almah and Sappho, her skin stained dark, too, slipped past the palace guards.

A short distance away Anacreon met and hurried them to a small sail boat, in which, before a gentle breeze, they slowly slipped down the Bosphorus toward safety. But at dawn they were overtaken by a Turkish gunboat sent on their trail, because that very night Abdul had sent for his new jewel and her escape had been discovered.

Sappho and Anacreon had prepared for the possibility of being overtaken. The girl insisted that she would rather suffer death than return to the harem, and her lover preferred to die in her arms than have the girl he loved snatched from him again. Kegs of powder had been stowed in the cabin and, as the Turkish gunboat came alongside, the faithful slave girl, Almah, slipped overboard to swim. While Anacreon touched the fuse to the powder, and, clasped in each other's embrace, he and his sweetheart were torn in a hundred pieces.

Ten Little Tasty Bites from One Bean Can

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"BAKED beans hot, baked beans cold"—there is one tin can staple that the

housewife can utilize as widely in Summer as in Winter. Hence it has popularly been said that beans—the poor man's beefsteak—were invented in use to supper of a Winter's night, or as the main cold weather lunch for the busy worker. Beans are beans and that does not mean "maybe" in Summer, it means "planning."

For, in the mean yearning of hot weather there is just as much need for a substantial and cooling dish, if it be served in a filling and appetizing form. All the well known nutritive value of the Great Bean Family can be transformed to dishes in Summer dress as it were, when the appetite needs satisfying without taxing digestion.

Beans are protein food comparable to meat, eggs, fish or cheese. But unlike meat or even cheese, they possess almost no fats. Now it is fats, especially in the form of gravies or drippings which should by all means be avoided in the hot weather diet, because fats or food fuels of any kind so readily raise body temperature and make us feel "all in." No matter what type of bean—the usual navy, pea, kidney, lima, baked and tan, and a host of others—their distinctive quality is much food in capsule form without fat, and without waste.

So the home manager always poised with the conundrum, "What shall we have for supper to-night?" may find the frequent answer in, "Let's have beans." But how? And here comes in the modern version of the old nursery rhyme, "Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold," for the housewife can find ten or twenty little bits out of the same tin can.

Let's see how beans may be served in every course. It is surprising how delicious the typical Boston bean are also the lima and even the kidney bean tastes when combined with green and succulent salad materials. The crisp freshness of many vegetables is exactly what is needed for contrast with the filling bean pulp. Cabbage, shredded and chilled, is perhaps the ideal accompaniment for the cold bean dish. Celery, radishes, onions, cucumbers, all may be blended

with beans as pleasing opposites in texture and color.

Dozens of variations of the bean salad theme may be played by varying the flavoring only. Thus, one combination is red kidney beans, finely shredded cabbage, chopped pickles, and a small amount of thinly sliced radishes. Tossed with a little French dressing and tomato catsup and served in a cup of lettuce leaves, such a salad is, "a meal in itself," but requires the least labor. Another mixture is either kidney or lima beans with grated raw carrots, minced cabbage, dill pickles, topped up with a mustard dressing. Still another is baked navy beans, sliced stuffed olives, wedges of ripe tomato, all moistened with a very snappy dressing in which grated horseradish plays the leading part.

And then there is the use of the canned bean as the chief stuffing or filling for the ever popular "tomato surprise." In this month of luscious ripe, fresh tomatoes, there is good sense and economy in using tomatoes abundantly, plus the more substantial filling which may be a minced vegetable pulp, sea foods, sardines, or dried cold meats. In this connection the use of the baked bean should be widely extended by the busy housemaker or the who wishes to whip a simple supper on her return from a vacation day. Scald large tomatoes, slice in halves, remove seeds, skin and scoop. Salt centers well and place to chill in the refrigerator. "De-ice" the beans and lightly marinate or moisten with vinegar or a lemon French dressing, put to chill. In the 10 minutes required to get supper, add to the beans a good portion of chow-chow or other tart pickle with some of the scooped tomato pulp and fill with the tomato shells, covering with a generous spoon of mustard mayonnaise. Another suggestion is crushed pineapple pulp, baked beans in tomato cups with green pepper garnish.

The same surprise idea may be adapted to the hot weather vegetable dish so popular in Summer because of its flavor and economy. Thus, baked peppers is one of the most satisfactory stews, usually filled with minced meat, rice or bread. However, here is

where the universal bean can be substituted as an even heartier filling for baked peppers, baked tomatoes and baked squash of the watery type. A most delicious vegetable meal is the star or white scalloped Summer squash steamed, pulp removed, and blended with baked beans. A few bread crumbs sprinkled on top, and the dish returned to the oven for a few moments' browning heightens the flavor. A similar treatment may be followed with the humble Bermuda onion, which may be used with the beans; cover onion with crumbs and bake until tender.

Even in the heat of Summer, there are many people who prefer a warm or hot dish, of a simple and non-fatty kind. Here again is where beans may be meat, in the form of a baked bean patty. There are many variations of this patty idea prepared in general by mashing the pulp of canned beans, seasoning highly with onion juice. Worcestershire sauce, tomato catsup, adding enough bread crumbs to give consistency, and then frying or sauteing, in a croquette form. This is a hot dish, but so simple, so good, and so economical, it falls in the category of the ten minute supper.

The hot sandwich, too, is another type of plate ideal for the busy worker. Long familiar to the camper and the Scout and the outer generally, the baked bean sandwich is almost a tradition, not, however, too well known in the home. "De-ice" the beans, preferably use a whole wheat or brown bread, thin and choice bacon strips, good olives and the best of tomato catsup. And do not forget the onion, for whether it be bread or not, onion juice or just a drop or "suspension," as the old cook-book has it, is needed to bring out any bean dish to its best.

Prepare as for a usual club sandwich or double decker. Have bread toasted and very lightly buttered. Spread on first piece of toast spread generous layer of heated canned beans, season with tomato catsup, and cover with another slice. Spread this with very thinly cut onion and lay thinly broiled bacon on top. Cover with third slice, press, cut diagonally and serve with additional whole olives or dill pickle. A good variation of this is to mash the beans and season highly with onion juice and tomato catsup. Spread this bean paste on thin toasted slices, as above, using lettuce, green pep-

per rings and small, sweet pickled onions.

Lima beans are particularly rich, smooth in texture and delicate in flavor. Even in Summer, the canned green lima finds a place in the menu because the fresh lima is often very expensive and requires much tedious shelling. Lima beans solids give an entirely different flavor from either the red kidney or the standard baked navy bean. Combined with tomatoes, pimientos, cauliflower, and other Summer vegetables, the green lima is found in the substantial vegetable platter.

A particularly delicious serving is canned green lima, freshly cooked cauliflower, flowerets, rings of green pepper, blended in a French dressing whipped with a generous spoon of snappy mayonnaise. Lima beans hot, as in a flavorful soup grain dish, is another solution of the quick meal problem. Open the can, blend with a small portion of cream or rich milk, add a little minced parsley or some tasty tomato sauce, put in any casserole, dot with the usual crumbs, butter, and a bit of left-over cheese, and the ready.

Stock a special bean shelf in the Summer pantry. Don't limit it to the common navy bean, but see how many other varieties you can become familiar with. Paste, meat food value, economy and ease of preparation come out of the bean can.

Canned beef bean snacks—Canned corned beef slices, canned beans (any variety), grated onion, mustard sauce and chow-chow pickles. Have all ingredients chilled. Mix thoroughly with onion and mustard sauce. Use corned beef slices to replace bread as in recipe. Spread lower slice of beef with thick layer of seasoned, minced beef. Cover with second slice of beef. Trim edges and cut in neat slices. It is done with appetizers or canapés. Garnish each snack with sliced olives and pickles cut into crescents and other fancy forms. Serve as accompaniments to tomato cocktail or any chilled bouillon course.

Lima luncheon salad—2 cups green canned lima, 2 hard cooked eggs, small tomatoes cut in halves, French dressing with minced sweet pickles, pimiento strips. Drain limas and toss in dressing. Arrange on center lettuce nest, place tomato sections alternately with hard eggs cut in rings and green pepper. Pimiento strips placed lattice-fashion on top. Serve with additional dressing and have all ingredients very chill.

Recipes Our Readers Request

Old-Fashioned Sour Cream Cake.

BEAT 2 eggs until light and add 1 cup sugar. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, the grated zest of 1 lemon and 1 tablespoon lemon juice and beat well. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda into first mixture. Bake in a greased and floured cake pan in a moderately hot oven about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Steamed Apple Dumpling.

PUT a thick layer of sliced apples in a kettle, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and cook over a low fire until they are soft. Make a rich bliscuit dough and place over the apples. Cover the kettle closely and steam for 15 or 20 minutes. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

Caramel Bread Pudding.

SCALD 1 quart rich milk in double boiler. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar in iron frying pan and stir constantly until it forms a golden syrup. Add to the scalded milk and stir until it dissolves. Add 1 pint of bread crumbs and set aside until crumbs are soft. Add 2 or 3 slightly beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, a few grains salt and a few drops vanilla. Add 3 or 4 tablespoons melted chocolate, if desired. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve with cream or whipped cream.

Peach Melba.

ARRANGE a slice of preserved peach in a tall glass, put a large tablespoon of vanilla ice cream on the peach and pour raspberry sauce over the cream.

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Famous Nobel Prize Winners



MADAME CURIE . . . 1903, 1911
The greatest woman scientist, and the only person to win the Nobel Prize twice. Co-discoverer of the most famous chemical element—Radium. Nobel Prizes: Physics, 1903. Chemistry, 1911.



GUGLIELMO MARCONI . . . 1909
The scientific genius whose inventions and discoveries made possible the wireless and contributed basically to the development of the Radio. Awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics, 1909.



ALEXIS CARREL 1912
Surgical biologist, best-known for the Carrel-Dakin treatment for wounds, a discovery which saved countless lives and amputations during the World War. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1912.



WOODROW WILSON . . . 1919
America's great War President whose leadership in the cause of Peace during and following the World War led to his receiving the Nobel Prize Award for Peace in 1919.



FREDERICK BANTING . . . 1923
Canadian physician, whose patient researches led to the discovery of Insulin, a cure for diabetes. For this great achievement Dr. Banting and Professor MacLeod, his associate, were awarded the Nobel Prize in 1923.

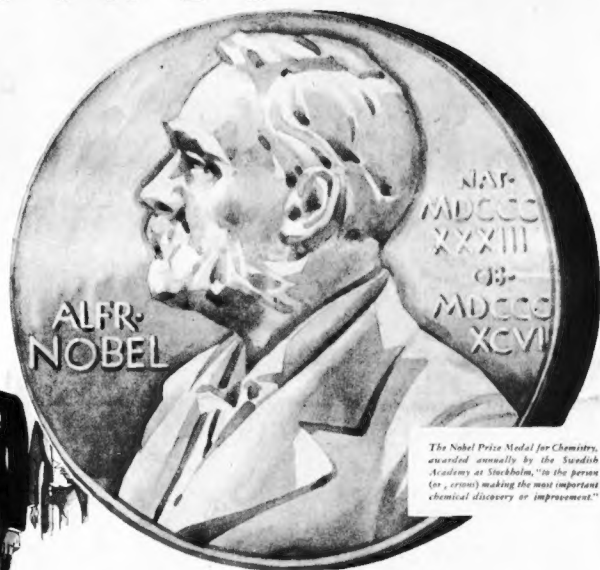


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